THE COMMONWEAL

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URBI ET ORBI

ON FEBRUARY 7, 1922, the newly elected Sovereign Pontiff, Pius XI, walked out upon the loggia of the Vatican basilica and gave the universal benediction—urbi et orbi—while hundreds of thousands waited in the square below. It was the first time since the victory of Garibaldi that a Pope's hand had been raised on such a mission; and on the same day Count Chigi, marshal of the conclave, announced that the Holy Father had wished that the blessing "be received by every nation as an augury of that peace which all so earnestly desire."

Now we discover that, on the self-same day seven years later, the entire world has been greatly stirred by the news that an agreement has actually been reached between the Holy See and Mussolini, and that the difficult Roman question is answered. The details of the settlement are not yet known. Competent observers believe that a full explanation will not be published before April, when the Italian legislature will meet to ratify the treaty. But both the Holy See and the government have officially authorized the promulgation of the glad tidings and have indicated the nature of what has been accomplished. We therefore feel it safe to venture a few comments, which make no claim to unusual insight and are simply a kind of memorial in honor of a momentous occasion.

The past seventy years have taught us all to be realists in social and political affairs. Human life is capable of improvement only if there be common recognition of necessities—of the undeniable fact that all nations must live, and all societies must function in a spirit of general coöperation rather than of single exclusiveness.

Nothing illustrates all this better than does the history of the Roman question. The unification of the Italian states simply could not be achieved unless the national government might utilize the situation and tradition of Rome. Nevertheless the Popes had an inalienable right to the whole city and the surrounding territory; and when this was trampled upon by armed force, the Holy See was entitled to a protest in accordance with the principles of all law. Thus there was created an Italian Church question, the lamentable repercussions of which fill one of the gloomiest chapters in ecclesiastical history. Diplomatic and political relationships were important enough; but vastly more significant was the state of mind of the Italian people, who lived in a mood of

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divided allegiance difficult to understand and deserving of great sympathy.

On the other hand, the Popes never ceased to discern the deepest meaning of the Roman question in the historical truth that absolute spiritual independence cannot go hand in hand with political subservience. The work of the Holy See is not so much with the individual soul, which receives its guidance from the pastor nearest at hand; it is rather with the forces having a bearing upon the moral and religious life of the world. And of these none has anything like the standing of governments. The state not only has the right to regulate the temporal welfare of its subjects, but in practice it carries out a program of social legislation which frequently envisages spiritual ministration. Coöperation with governments has therefore been a major function of the Vatican. But how could this be truly effective so long as the Rock of Peter remained unjustly subject to the civil jurisdiction of Italy? The import of this question was fully revealed during the war, when the isolation of the Pontiffs seriously handicapped their influence.

The present settlement disposes of these problems separately. It is, first of all, a treaty establishing the extra-territoriality of the Vatican. The Holy Father is once more a temporal sovereign, free to summon and confer with even those who may be personae non gratae to the Italian government. In accordance with the Catholic sacramental principle that spiritual verities should have corresponding visible representations, the authority of the kingdom of Christ on earth is now, once again, vested in a separate and inviolable rule. On the other hand, the Italian Church question has been dealt with in a concordat. Just what the terms of this document are cannot now be learned. But since concordats have long since been signed with other governments, and since canon law on the subject is fairly explicit, one does not hesitate to believe that this latest agreement will be found to conform fairly definitely with custom. Thus two very thorny problems have been solved.

Doubtless the largest share of credit must go to the Holy Father, to his able Secretary of State and to Signor Mussolini. Our personal homage to the reigning Pope is so much the more sincere because we have not hesitated to say, on many previous occasions, that living under his guidance is a singular blessing to all who now try to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the Church, and that when his work is fully understood in the United States, it will make a profound and highly salutary impression upon all. Signor Mussolini, of course, has once more done excellent work for Italy. He has removed a cause of bitter dissension, has improved the international position of his country, and has won for the tasks ahead the full energies of sincere Catholics.

One cannot overlook, however, the very genuine influence of public opinion in so far as this question is concerned. Though the intrinsic value of the Holy See as an agency for universal peace (let us say) has long since been clear, it is only gradually that nations have come to understand this fact or to profit accordingly. The world—however uninterested in religion—now actually wants the help of the Vatican and sets great store by it. Everyone knows the meaning of Catholic influence in Europe and America, and concedes that this same influence is of incalculable aid in the transmission of western culture to other parts of the world. We do not wish to guess at Signor Mussolini's motives; but doubtless he has fully appreciated all these things from the point of view of Italy and has shaped his policy accordingly. On the other hand, the concessions made by the Vatican would doubtless have been out of the question a generation ago. Then too many people associated the Church with the older aristocratic forms of society, and would not have believed that the Popes could agree to abandon the tradition of actual civil rule. Here again a new international vision, achieved at the cost of incalculable sacrifice, has made its point. It seems perfectly obvious that the Vatican would only be burdened by the duty of administering the affairs of a small principality, and that its hands must be free for the business of humanity. The head of the Church now is free, not only of the intolerable restraints which followed the advance of Italian nationalism but verily also of handicaps which were attached to an outmoded world order. This is a day of rejoicing—in every respect, a day which the Lord hath made.

WEEK BY WEEK

Again the Deliverer of the South

WHAT the President-elect does is not generally weighted with the importance attached to his actions after he becomes the chief executive. Yet Mr. Hoover has acted uniquely for the past two months in shaping the policies that will guide him once he is in office. In consequence the news that his Miami buffer—that simple device by which the hordes of office-seekers are catalogued and most are turned away—is Colonel Horace Mann, indicates a certain very interesting development of the Hoover mind. Few will forget that the Colonel cast himself in the rôle of deliverer of the South for the Republican candidate. Despite his evasive denials, he was never able to disassociate himself from the undercover campaign waged against Smith by the dissemination of the most stigmatized and malodorous literature ever current before a national election. Political shrewdness determined Mr. Hoover's silence on the question of the director of his southern forces. Inferentially, the country was led to believe that Mr. Hoover was supported by elements with which he was entirely out of sympathy, and that their influence would not be felt in the White House. With his resolve to clean the southern Republican house, even the most fanatical Democrat cannot fail to sympa-

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thize. The attempt at solidification of Republican strength in the South is to be expected. But the instruments Mr. Hoover uses to these ends should unquestionably be clear of any connection with the scurrility of professional barkers for bigotry.

A Check to Speculation

THE outstanding phenomenon of the market of the past year or more, from the Wall Street standpoint, has been the enormous amount of buying and selling by the general public. Speculation became a consistent part of the life of the Joneses and the Smiths and the Browns. But from the standpoint of the Federal Reserve Board, the important aspect of the boom in stock trading has always been the huge increase in brokers' loans. These have steadily mounted. At the end of January, Stock Exchange brokers reported $6,735,000,000 in loans. It was the Federal Reserve Board's well-understood objection to the tremendous expansion of speculative loans which was just below the surface of its warning to member banks. It coupled this warning with a threat that drastic action must be taken unless the pouring of funds into speculative channels were stopped. There is little difficulty in seeing the justice of the Board's assumption that such a flood is depriving business of funds. Since the Federal Reserve Board is an operative part of the government, the assault on its course by Representative Louis T. McFadden in a speech before the House is a not unexpected congressional attitude. It was anticipated in part by the informal explanation from the Treasury Department that the Board's statement was aimed merely at the reduction of speculation. It was unfortunately inevitable that it should have been accompanied by a precipitate drop in stock quotations.

Advertising the Truth

WE ARE printing this week an interesting letter from Mr. Charles J. Gallagher, which raises a question of importance regarding apologetic method. He feels that "bringing a Catholic" into the debate about ideas which now rages throughout civilization would be "to betray a lamentable ignorance of the requirements of harmony." Discussion of Saint Paul's epistles and of Mr. Wells's social theories in the same journal would, indeed, be relatively incongruous. But we seem to remember that the great Apostle did actually go into the synagogues in order to preach the Resurrection, and that one of his most illustrious sermons was given from the Hill of Mars. If one tries to follow his splendid example, humbly and obediently, one will do almost precisely what the workers of the Catholic Evidence Guild are trying to accomplish in London today. Under existing conditions in this country, it seems to us that almost the only practical way in which a similar endeavor can be carried through is a vigorous championing of religious truths, not through the medium of speeches in parks (to which few people listen) but through wise use of the really effective pulpits, which are the press and the university. A faith hermetically sealed may be quite all right in itself, but it is obvious that it is not a missionary faith.

SOMETHING like this is implied in a paper contributed to a recent issue of America by Mr. Patrick F. Scanlan, of the Brooklyn Tablet. He thinks that since only the laity can effectively address American non-Catholics on behalf of the Church, they should use "the spoken word, the radio and the written word." The last-named is the most important because it "generally reaches more people, is more valuable because it can be read slowly, and can be passed on in original shape to others." But little is being done to promote the efficiency and appeal of the press. "We can build magnificent churches and schools," says Mr. Scanlan, "but when it comes to doing something for the Catholic press of the country, we talk in pennies." We are quite ready to agree, particularly to Mr. Scanlan's suggestion that in order to get the pennies and put them to good use it is necessary to survey the assets and formulate a program. As one part of this work, some understanding regarding the interaction between scholarship and expression ought surely to be arrived at.

A Critic Looks at Art

ART and the law are again at loggerheads. Twelve men, selected after they admitted they knew nothing about Leonardo Da Vinci, are called upon to determine if Sir Joseph Duveen, the art dealer, "slandered" the canvas owned by Mrs. Andrée Ledoux Hahn to the extent of $500,000. If Mrs. Hahn wins her suit, the effects of the judgment will be incalculable. A critic might reasonably be expected to insure himself from a damage suit by refusing to pass on a work of art unless the fee for such an opinion were equal to the damage that the owner might possibly claim should it be adverse. The word "fake" would seldom be used and the actual fakers would unquestionably find new bands of gullibles. Consequently the trial in the New York Supreme Court has a peculiar interest for all those concerned with the art world. The law is obligated now to pass on such fine points as the subtle differences between an original painting and a copy, the right of an art critic to comment on "a public affair of such importance as the sale of a Da Vinci," and the question of when a man has reached the stage where he "knows pictures and can tell a copy from an original." It must be confusing to a judge and jury to be told that La Belle Ferronière, now in the Louvre and attributed by it to Da Vinci, is "very close to Leonardo, but it is not by his hand—probably it was painted by Boltraffio." They, as well as the public, might reasonably inquire what individual, or what group, can be considered the ultimate authority.

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IRISH culture has a definite place in the life of these United States, but apparently encounters some difficulty in finding it. How many splendid efforts to promote a friendly interest in Celtic letters and art have failed, owing to lack of support and public enthusiasm! Just now there are several rallying grounds in New York City, and we believe that travelers from out of town might find it well worth while to happen into one or another of them. Suppose they were to try the Irish Reading Circle, which is established at 449 West 123d Street. Here the atmosphere is delightfully informal. Generally a lecture on some Irish literary topic, or a competent reading, serves as a focus round which discussion and friendly converse may range. Almost always you will find one or the other of our more genial Irish writers present and willing to smile; and the price of admission is, if you are so inclined, an offering of $.50. We are informed that a goodly number of the regular comers are minus any claim upon Irish ancestors. It is pleasant just to know that there is such a place, very like a bit of a light shining bravely and steadily on.

Irish Culture

IN A smaller way, the mad confusion which disturbed the peace of California after the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill prevails today in the vicarate of Keewatin, Manitoba. The discovery of rich copper and mineral deposits north of Le Pas has been followed by a rush of adventurers and workmen into the region. Railroads are under construction, and as rapidly as they are pushed forward, villages spring up. All this is strange and bewildering to the native inhabitants, most of whom are Indians, and is especially disconcerting to the missionaries. The latter are discovering, however, that the change is accompanied by advantages which are of some help in coping with the new situation. Where journeys through the territory affected could be made formerly only by canoe in the summer and by dog sled in winter, train service is now partly available, and even the airplane is becoming a factor. Bishop Charlebois, for instance, was recently taken by air in fifty minutes to a mission which he used to reach by dog sled in two days and a half.

Gold Rushing in Canada

THE address of Mr. Robert W. De Forest, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in opening the annual convention of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, struck an interesting vein. Mr. De Forest's thesis was that the store plays a greater part in the stimulation of public interest in art than all the collective and direct influence of the museums. His viewpoint is as rare as it is refreshing and true. Our large stores mold the tastes of hundreds of thousands to the museums' thousands. To see a beautiful object in a museum is an experience of value, but that unattainability which clings to museum pieces frequently discourages the aspiration to acquire anything like what is displayed there. On the other hand a visitor to a store, while he may not be there for the purpose of purchasing, looks with the idea that what he sees may some day be his own. It becomes immediately important, if a higher level of beauty is to be obtained, that this potent influence in the lives of so many should never descend to the level of the cheap (in the sense of the vulgar) and the ugly. The period when art was "the privilege of the wealthy and merchants were forced to sell ugly things in response to a public demand and to the limitations of manufacture," has passed. Buyers for stores now realize their opportunity, and the buying public is to be congratulated on the fact that the beautiful is no longer sacrificed to the merely utilitarian.

The Store Versus the Museum

THE first number of the Journal of Adult Education has appeared with a flourish of distinguished names, a general enthusiasm for the theme expressed in the title, and an equally prevalent weariness of education for all who are not adults. Nothing is more clearly marked in the new periodical than this. One after another the eminent scholars who were enlisted to launch the Journal properly insist that an old dog can be taught new tricks, at least until he is forty-five, and that the job is a much pleasanter one, anyway, than the presentation of culture to youths who do not care for it, however great may be their capacity to learn. Of course this is all for the best, since it will cause no great chagrin in the dorms and frats, while many an alumnus whose hair is turning grey will be gratified to know that his capacity for assimilating new ideas has not perceptibly diminished, while his ability to concentrate on the problem in hand has noticeably increased. What use he will make of it is another and a more important matter. There is a spirit rapidly spreading through the American university system which demands for its satisfaction that an obligation be taken toward the alumni, but the offer must be accepted before the deans can show how well they labor in the cause of light.

New Pastures for the Dons

COLORADO has been debating one of those questions which generate considerably more heat than light. Ought the Rocky Mountain National Park to be turned over to the federal government? Hitherto this picturesque demesne has been the property of the commonwealth, but the legislature seems to be contemplating a gift to Uncle Sam. Some Denver journals, notably the Catholic Register, have voiced a protest. It is felt, first of all, that federal red tape ruins the dispositions of those who seek a holiday in the parks. With this we are inclined to agree, at least in a measure. The government usually issues judicious and beneficial regulations,

Who Shall Control the Parks?

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but these are enforced very frequently with that insufferable bureaucratic primness which seems the worst of the national traits In all the world there is no stickler comparable to a federal personage entrusted with the letter of the law. But more serious charges are brought by Mr. Thomas F. Mahony, a prominent Colorado citizen. The first is that a "monopolistic scheme" of transportation and housing squeezes exorbitant sums out of patrons, for which little is given in return. It is further alleged that the government buys private lands in order to divert traffic from the free highways to the toll roads. Whatever may be the justice of these remarks, they do air indubitable grievances and lead one to reflect upon the sad truth that federal service is, from the citizen's point of view, a rose with many thorns.

Bearing Anonymous Testimony

THE editor of the Outlook and Independent, Francis Rufus Bellamy, has announced and already begun publication of a series of articles devoted to one subject: religion. At a time when many of the secular magazines are finding that the topic is provocative of new sales, there is no reason for surprise in Mr. Bellamy's decision. Surprise, however, coupled with regret, is evoked by his announcement that these articles will be published anonymously. "For each one of this group of people has tried sincerely to tell the truth about his religious life —the church of his childhood, the family's faith or lack of it, the course his own beliefs have run and his present convictions and situation. Only by remaining anonymous could each one give the facts of his experiences and yet not wound friends or family." There is no dispute as to the fact that feelings of those dear and intimate should be considered, but if the resort to anonymity cannot be avoided, it would be much better if the individual writers were to remain silent. It is particularly invidious when subjects that demand discussion so openly and dispassionately as the vital subject of religion are entrusted to those who, by their very concealment of identity, thwart the ideal of straightforwardness, candor and calmness. If the first article—Religion? None—is to be taken as an index, there is evidently no application of the reason which Mr. Bellamy gives for the anonymous publication. Nor is it, incidentally, an article which brings any illuminating thought to the subject of religion.

Jobless Englishmen

SOMETHING more than a vague plan for colonization seems at last to be in the process of development toward the alleviation of the unemployment situation in England. It was worse than useless, of course, to think of sending thousands of miners into Canada without making provision for them over a period of time long enough to enable them to become adjusted to their changed circumstances. The experiences of the miners sent into the Canadian wheat fields this summer were sufficient to show that even the security of a first job for the emigrant is not enough, especially when the job is of a seasonal character. Now, through a series of arrangements made between the governments of Great Britain, the dominion and its various provinces, more adequate care will be taken. Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and New Brunswick, for instance, will make advances up to $2,500 to British youths who settle in Canada as land workers, and New Brunswick will place a limited number of families on improved farms. The Navy League of Canada, the United Church of Canada and the Alberta Agricultural School will find places for families or individuals, and in addition will train both men and women in the work which they expect to do. Of course the number that can be placed immediately is only in the thousands, while those in need of help number hundreds of thousands. Nevertheless, the idea gives promise of developing into a real answer to the most serious unemployment problem of modern times—most serious because it is not one which may be expected to pass with the revival of a certain industry. The failure of the collieries has added almost half a million men to the list of unemployed, and the English coal industry, on its old scale, is dead. To this situation the nation has awakened at so late an hour that the immediate coöperation of the dominion is necessary.

AT MELPOMENE'S BEDSIDE

THE ailing theatre has brought swarming to it a multitude of diagnosticians, healers, morticians and mourners. What life is left in it might reasonably be expected to succumb to the diversity of treatments which simultaneously seek to cure, to continue the illness, and to prepare for burial. This is all the more baffling when these mutually exclusive aims are characteristic of the attitude of one mind. Now Mr. St. John Ervine, the author of John Ferguson, a writer of no little importance and one of the busiest theatrical doctors, approaches the bedside of Melpomene with exactly this complicated and curious mental attitude. He at once deplores the "moribund condition" of the theatre, declares that "the contemporary drama is doomed," and asserts that the cure for such a hopeless patient is "to improve the audience." There is more surprise in the situation because Mr. Ervine's tri-directional approach to the problem is contained in the short course of one lecture delivered in New York City.

Naturally it would be misleading to say that the theatre, like Topsy, "jest growed," but there has been a certain spontaneity in its inception and development which contradicts the idea of a definite birth and nurture. Mr. Ervine, however, pictures the contemporary drama as a carefully cultivated flower, so delicately sensitive that it can flourish only in an atmosphere of maximum favorableness. In addition, this

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flower takes its color from an accurate reflection of prevailing taste. The syllogistic sequence of his argument is perfectly clear. The theatre today reflects feminine taste; women throughout history have "brought about the ruin of those institutions which succumbed to their conquest"; hence, "women have ruined the theatre." One need invoke no spirit of rampant feminism to determine that Mr. Ervine has taken too much—a great deal too much—for granted. But he displays even greater mental agility in his conclusions that "women know nothing about acting"; that "musical comedy is the acme of their taste"; and that "the classic theatre caters to masculine taste, which thrives on the theatre." Shades of Bernhardt and Duse! Testimonials to Theresa Helburn and Eve Le Gallienne! And "the tired business man" is sent off, without music, without one coryphée, without even a musty chestnut, to tragedy!

Mr. Ervine also soundly spanks the theatrical managers. With this section of his opinion we are in partial agreement. Incidentally, he does not confine this attention to American producers, but administers it with even greater vehemence to those of London. In London, in Paris, in New York, these men of the theatre do not love their plays, he declares, save as a "means of lucre." That, of course, is the very basis of the losing war which idealism wages with practicality in this material world. To remove the question of dollars and cents from the production of plays would undoubtedly be a liberating step which would show immediate effect in the galvanizing of artistry. The Theatre Guild and the Civic Repertory Company —let it be stated parenthetically that they are both widely supported by women—demonstrate what can be done when financial problems are reduced to a minimum. Theatre-goers can hope, with Mr. Ervine, that such projects will become more universal. Meanwhile they must experience that shuttling back and forth between the managers, who believe they cater to public desire, and public desire, which is influenced in its taste by the fare which the managers, wrongly or rightly, believe is called for. It has been consistently maintained by numerous observers of the theatre that the managers misinterpret what the public wants, that they create the demand which they later loudly proclaim they must satisfy. This misgauging is no more at fault than Mr. Ervine's belief that those who resort to the theatre for entertainment are, for the most part, bored and crude-minded.

This characterization of theatrical audiences errs because it does not distinguish. Anyone who has the will to see observes the fact that those who constitute the theatre-going public have become more discriminating, and discrimination does involve intelligence. When applied to a particular production of poor or mediocre quality, it will unquestionably sift out the intelligent and leave the type of spectator that Mr. Ervine condemns. This cautiousness of the prospective buyer of theatre seats has been commented on again and again. Producers blind themselves to the obvious cause; they admit everything but the one fact that has most potent bearing on the situation: the fact, to wit, that there is a difference to buyers between $1.25 and $3.00, between $2.50 and $4.00. They search for recondite causes when the simple one that the man and woman of moderate income—after all, the out-of-town buyers spending their firms' money, or the residents of Park Avenue, are not the real supporters of the theatre—will weigh carefully the pleasure to be got against the purchasing power of the same amount of money for other entertainment. The producers may talk of high salaries, the exactions of the unions, the increased burden of costs. These are hard facts, it is true. But the cost of production could be lowered if the producers would enter into conference and coöperation in a constructive spirit. Indeed, if Mr. Ervine really wishes to be helpful, he might organize an observatory expedition for producers into the fields presided over by Woolworth and Ford.

EMBATTLED GOOD-WILL

PRECEDED by Mr. Kellogg's anti-war pact, the fifteen-cruiser bill will be followed, on the authority of Senator Reed's successful amendment, by negotiations for "treaties with the principal nations for the protection of the rights of neutrals and the freedom of the seas." If the bill's friends have reason on their side, such treaties will be unnecessary. Is it not in line with their argument to suppose that a United States navy equal to that of any other power is the best guarantee of freedom on the seas? Have they not said that it will prove a most effective persuader when demanding respect for the provisions of Mr. Kellogg's pact, or when negotiating new ones at the council tables of the world?

Placing faith, for the moment, in the soundness of British editorial sentiment, we may expect that Parliament will follow wherever we lead in the way of naval construction. It will develop, if necessary, a modernized counterpart of that Grand Fleet which, in size alone, was the comfort of the Allies. Tonnage and gun power, of course, have been determined by the 5-5-3 agreement, but speed is an advantage always open to the latest builder. Great Britain now possesses eight cruisers in the class under discussion, and these have an average speed of 31 knots. The eight which are now under construction in our own yards will average 32-6 knots. The eight which Great Britain is building will average 33. The fifteen which we are to lay down within the next three years should be still faster. And when England follows with a program designed to give her cruiser fleet numerical equality with ours, the speediest ships in the world will be built. How much bargaining power does one possess when his strength is barely equal to that of his strongest rival? How much when a combination of rivals will at once render him powerless? Great Britain and Japan, for in-

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stance, might neglect to appropriate another shilling for ships in the next seven years, and yet by joining forces at the end of that time present a cruiser strength superior to ours with every one of our possible twenty-three in the water.

In effect, the new program must be taken as an avowal that, despite all fair words, peace is a vain illusion. We say that we cannot trust our neighbors out of sight. We say that we cannot expect them to be good boys unless we are holding a club over their heads. What else can "bargaining power" possibly mean?

Naturally the reaction is hostility in every quarter, at a time when we are none too popular, even in our own private hemisphere. The nations are getting anxious. Japan is modernizing and strengthening four capital ships of a battle cruiser class not represented in our navy. Italy is to build a number of the class represented in the bill which recently passed Congress. Germany has produced a 9,000-ton cruiser more heavily armored and with larger guns than the ships of similar weight which the nations subscribing to the Washington limitation treaty are allowed to build. Now, while we are not responsible for all this activity, it indicates an uneasiness which will never be quieted so long as we hold to our present policy of disciplinarian to the universe.

One fond hope is expressed in Section 4 of the bill, wherein the President is empowered to suspend construction on any or all of the vessels authorized, in the event of a new international agreement at the next armament conference, which is to be held in 1931. But that is two years away, and one may now be fairly sure that the time will be spent by the nations in preparing as good a bluff as ours; whereas it might have been used to cultivate that sentiment which blossomed when the Kellogg pact was making its rounds, and which is already in the sere.

THE PASSING OF TROTZKY

DURING the past weeks, Leon Trotzky has been almost more of a mythical figure than ever before in his turbulent career. Whether he has been murdered, drowned, exiled or suffered to remain in the desolate quarters assigned to him recently cannot as yet be determined. But the man has undoubtedly fallen from power, and with him there goes (at least temporarily) a certain conception of proletariat action. In a highly significant article contributed recently to the London Monthly, Stalin expounded the differences between himself and Trotzky. Both agree that "the roots of capitalism" still exist in Russia and that it would be quite possible to revive them, particularly if the Right wing of the Communist party were to prove dominant. But, we are told, the "Trotzkyist deviation" is guilty of overestimating the "strength of capitalism," and so is led to believe that Sovietism cannot coöperate with the peasantry and that its ultimate triumph depends upon a "victorious revolution in the West." Upon this last point Trotzky has insisted with particular vehemence.

Obviously events have greatly fortified the position of Stalin. Even though the reports of new declarations to the peasants seem to indicate greater concessions to the "property-holding groups," they do not involve any important change in the Centrist policy. This seems to consist largely of the belief that if Communist action is to succeed it must stop being a merely militant ideology and begin to reckon with actual conditions. Russia is a country of peasants. Therefore these peasants must be organized in such a way that the "benefits" and "purposes" of the Soviet plan will come home to them. But can this be accomplished? Stalin's efforts thus far have not been strikingly successful. The peasant groups resented heavy taxation and other expedients to check the hoarding up of rural wealth; and it is commonly supposed that there was a menace of revolutionary action. Nevertheless, though he may have to move his "Centre" more to the Right, Stalin will undoubtedly stand or fall by the policy he now sponsors.

It must be conceded, however, that Trotzky is a much more logical man. Indeed, few reason so straightforwardly as he from a premise. To him communism has been first of all the world mission of the proletariat. The fact that circumstances have caused it to be primarily Russian never interested him greatly. It would be German and French tomorrow, American the day after. Few things have been more characteristic of Trotzky's function in the weary years since Kerensky's downfall than his work as a preacher of the communistic gospel. It was he, so Füllöp-Miller tells us, "who first recognized the necessity of the theatrical element in anti-religious propaganda, and who continually drew attention to the great importance of distraction and entertainment in winning over the masses." He arranged for furnishing a band for all workers' funerals, turned the grog shops into free movies, and inaugurated the public caricatures of Christian worship which were, during so long a time, startling manifestations of the workings of the Soviet mind.

To understand what manner of man this ominous-looking individual really is (or was) one has merely to read his frenzied description of the socialist milennium. Through a process of social, biological and psychological training, "the average man will rise to the level of an Aristotle, a Goethe or a Marx, and behind this ridge new and loftier peaks will shine." Well, perhaps Russia is tiring of this balderdash which mingles Nietzsche, the socialists and Georges Sorel in one oratorical defiance of reality. It may be that the peasant is winning out, after all, by reason of his impenetrable inertia. But this is a time adapted far less to prophecy than to observation. And if Trotzky had actually disappeared, we all have witnessed a curious and baffling thing.

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COURTESY AT COLUMBIA

By J. ELLIOT ROSS

What can be done to secure fair treatment of one another from groups differing in religious faith? Above all, how can flagrant misrepresentations be dispelled? These questions were earnestly weighed at recent conferences held at Columbia University under the auspices of the National Conference of Jews and Christians. We have asked Father Ross, who acted as official Catholic representative at the conferences, to write the following summary. It should be of great interest at a time when the memory of recent unforgettable calumnies is still fresh enough to keep some of us in doubt as to the virtue of American civilization.—The Editors.

WE ALL realize that there is considerable friction between Catholics, Jews and Protestants in this country. And all of us would like to see an improvement in the situation—at least as regards ourselves, or our group. The great question is how to bring about the improvement. Good-will dinners at which well-fed representatives, under the expansive influence of the occasion, say nice things about each other, although well enough in their way, do not get us very far. Bigotry and prejudice and friction go on much the same. Nor do complaints among ourselves, or sarcastic editorials in our own papers, read merely by our own people, have much effect other than to intensify our own irritation.

Appreciating that the fundamental problem is to reach the other fellow, the National Conference of Jews and Christians conceived the idea of bringing together a number of representatives of the different religious groups for the purpose of having them say out in the open, to one another's faces, the worst that has been said behind their backs. It was a bold move and, in the eyes of timid souls, not without danger. If there are occasional fisticuffs in our dignified Congress, what might be expected from such diverse elements so soon after a presidential campaign in which religion played so prominent a part on both sides? The "odium theologicum" is proverbially nasty, and the worst might well be feared.

But a few souls in the National Conference of Jews and Christians possessed the faith which can move mountains—even mountains of prejudice—and they proceeded to organize a committee to make arrangements for a seminar which would be perfectly frank and perfectly fair in discussing points of friction between the three great religious groups in the United States. The fears of the timid were disregarded. A program was prepared calling for a two-day discussion of three vital points by three sections: vocational adjustments dealing with the discrimination that is said to be made on religious grounds against Jews, Catholics or Protestants; misrepresentation of religious beliefs and practices; and community areas of conflict and coöperation.

There was enough dynamite in these topics to start a civil war, but it was essential that the committee itself should prove its willingness to face facts frankly. And to indicate its fairness, a Jew was chosen to preside over one section, a Catholic over another, and a Protestant over the third; while balancing the chairman in each section, and making a report to the final gathering of the whole seminar, was a representative of another religion. Such an undertaking is always an adventure, but in this case the confidence of the committee has been amply justified by the results. There was no bloodshed, and all came out of the seminar held at Columbia University on January 30 and 31 of this year, feeling better than when they went in.

Of course, there were tense moments when almost anything might have happened. One Jew accused a fellow Jew of anti-Semitism because of the admissions he made, and stalked out of the room—to return later in a more chastened mood. Protestants arrayed both Jews and Catholics against them by defending the political activity of churches and ministers as such; while Catholics and Protestants stood shoulder to shoulder in maintaining the right to preach the Gospel to every creature. And the hush that precedes a storm fell over the sectional meeting when a Catholic, with perhaps more bluntness than was necessary, remarked: "We Catholics believe that we and we alone have the whole of God's Revelation; and that the Catholic Church has infallibility in interpreting that Revelation. Consequently anyone who differs with the Catholic Church is wrong—in one word, a heretic. That attitude will not be changed. You must simply reckon with having such people in your midst."

It would be bootless, however, to detail all the charges and countercharges that were bandied about. If Catholics were not as numerously represented as were the other religious groups in the hundred or more taking part, their case was nevertheless ably and adequately presented by the men and women in attendance. Catholics were given every chance to air their grievances, and they took advantage of the opportunity. In the lobby of Earl Hall, Our Sunday Visitor had numerous photostatic copies of anti-Catholic publications, which aroused great interest. And in the sectional meetings there was no blinking of facts, no mincing of words, no crying peace, peace, when there is no peace.

Much less, of course, was there any compromise of principles. The seminar was sociological rather than theological. It had nothing in common with Malines or Lausanne, else the ecclesiastical authorities would hardly have approved Catholic participation. No

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attempt was made to find a least common denominator of religion, or a theological platform on which everybody could stand. All discussion assumed that there would remain difference of faith and practice. And it is typical of the spirit of the seminar that what started as a study of "misrepresentations" turned out to be a seeking for correct representations. A truly admirable desire to understand was manifested quite generally. It was demonstrated beyond doubt that Catholics, Jews and Protestants, acutely conscious as they are of manifold friction in our present social conditions, can discuss these matters frankly and helpfully.

No resolutions were passed, no permanent organization was formed. But it would give a false impression of the seminar to imply that it was purely negative, a mere rehash of old grouches. Certain constructive conclusions can be drawn from the conferences. And I suppose that the conclusion worthy of first place is the advisability of multiplying just such discussions as this one. The influence of those who participated is, naturally, limited. There was no Mussolini or Kemal Pasha who by his mere fiat could force upon his own group the solution of this problem of religious friction. It is a question of educating numerous other people by similar experiences in group discussion, and otherwise, until gradually the whole mass of our citizenship will be influenced. We have the three measures of meal in the Jews, Catholics and Protestants, but one seminar is not sufficient to leaven the whole mass.

From a multiplication of such discussions as this there will come a keener realization of the mistake we are all likely to make of generalizing the particular, of overestimating the significance of separate facts, of having our sense of proportion distorted under the stress of emotion and attributing to the whole the conduct of individuals. Burke said long ago that it was impossible to indict a whole nation. He would have been closer to the truth if he had said that it is unfair to indict a whole nation. For we have many examples of whole nations, and of whole religious groups, being indicted. We all sin to some extent in this way. The superstitious practices of ignorant Catholics are taken to represent the whole Church; and Catholics sometimes blame all Protestants for the Ku Klux Klan or the Fellowship Forum.

Another consequence to be hoped for from such conferences will be a closer following of that authoritative advice to take the beam out of one's own eye before seeking to remove the mote from one's neighbor's. In a free-for-all discussion, face to face with the people one accuses of injustice and prejudice, one must be prepared for the "tu quoque" retort. It is not entirely without its salutary effect. Part of the problem, as the Knights of Columbus Commission on Religious Prejudice suggested more than ten years ago, is for each side to muzzle its own fools, that the wild words and imprudent conduct of these fools may not be attributed to the entire group. The educative process works both ways.

It was also thought by those who participated in the Columbia seminar that, in many instances where a conference embracing members of all faiths would be impracticable, a study such as was carried on at Fairfield—already described in The Commonweal in its issues of November 30 and December 7, 1927—might prove very profitable. Under such a plan, the members of one faith come together for several meetings under competent leadership to discuss their relations to the other religious groups, finally calling in representatives of the other groups to settle their exact attitude or practice.

Besides such participation in groups, there are today innumerable opportunities for putting Catholic doctrine and practice before others. The properly prepared individual Catholic will often receive more invitations to speak than he can accept. In spite of the very evident manifestations of bigotry, there is abroad in this country an earnest and rather widespread desire to understand Catholics. I suppose that the bigotry is more picturesque, and has a greater news value, but I am confident that the determination to be fair is much more important. Americans do not live up perfectly to the principles of religious liberty, any more than we, as Christians, keep the Ten Commandments perfectly. But the heart of the American people is fundamentally sound, and we have traveled a long distance from the Know-nothing days.

An evidence of this improvement is to be found in the possibility of the Calvert Associates being able to apply the very sound psychological principle that defense by one of the accusing group is often better than self-defense. As was said by a member of The Commonweal staff in the seminar, great numbers discount anything that Catholics may say in explanation of Catholicism. It is looked upon as clever propaganda. And we must not be too much piqued by this attitude, for it is perfectly natural. An examination of conscience will reveal something of the same sort in ourselves. We must simply take this reaction into our calculations, and, so far as possible, encourage others to speak for us. They have the added advantage of being able to understand their own groups better than we usually can understand them, and so can better say things that will strike home. A recognition of these facts, and the actual utilization of well-known non-Catholics, has been one of the important contributions of the Calvert Associates to the field of religious controversy in our generation. Those who attended the seminar thought the method ought to be used more extensively. And the readiness of non-Catholics to cooperate in this way is sufficient to make up for many discouraging elements in the situation.

Finally, speakers at the Columbia seminar emphasized the advantage of union in the performance of some common task. An example that was mentioned is the religious instruction of children attending the public schools. For representatives of the three great religions to meet time after time in the effort to find

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some approach to the problem that will be satisfactory to each group, and also acceptable to the civic authorities, must inevitably lead to a better understanding. Each individual gets to know the others' viewpoints, and to sympathize with them without compromising his own principles. It is seen what a large stake we all have in common in this great problem. And to stage a meeting such as was held here in New York, when Cardinal Hayes spoke from the same platform with a Jewish, a Protestant and a civic representative, gives a vivid picture to the public that is of inestimable value.

That is only one illustration of many that could be mentioned. We are doing somewhat the same thing in regard to army and navy chaplains, the students in state universities and other secular institutions, the prisoners in jails. Nor must the importance of cooperation in common undertakings that have no direct religious significance be overlooked. Our greatest venture in that regard was, of course, the European war. For the time being, religious bigotry was forced into the background. And although it has since emerged into considerable prominence, there were certainly gains attributable to our war experience.

We cannot, naturally, show any common undertaking today at all comparable to the war. But there are lesser accomplishments where coöperation brings its measure of good-will and sympathy and understanding. In one place it may be a community chest, in another a federation of social agencies. It is not necessary that the Catholics should be representing in any official way distinctively Catholic organizations. The individual Catholic who shows a fine public spirit, who serves efficiently and unselfishly for the betterment of the community, as a citizen, will have a by-product of good-will for us all.

In fact one of the best pieces of apologetic for the Catholic Church today would be to have a number of Catholics distinguished for their contributions to science. Pasteur, for instance. was not connected with a Catholic university, and his scientific researches had no direct religious bearing. And yet Pasteur has done more than scores of ex professo apologists to show that the Church is not opposed to science. Example is worth more than precept. The example of a present-day Pasteur would outweigh tons of literature.

Nor is this opportunity limited to the field of science. A Catholic who is an outstanding force making for civic righteousness and for everything that is best in American life is in himself the best answer to anti-Catholic calumnies. That was one of the great sources of Cardinal Gibbons's power. People read his Faith of Our Fathers because they already knew Gibbons the citizen, the patriot, the American. Every time Cardinal Gibbons participated in a civic function, made a patriotic speech, inculcated national virtue, he was adding another chapter to his apologetic.

It would be foolish optimism to imagine that this one seminar will entirely eliminate all religious bigotry; it would be narrow prejudice to think that this one method is the only way to approach the problem. As a matter of fact, the seminar itself, as I have indicated, discussed many other approaches. But while fully realizing its limitations, one may greatly rejoice that this seminar has been held, in the conviction that it is one step on the road to better things, and that it has demonstrated the possibilities of such an approach. More power, then, to the men who had the vision to plan such a seminar and the confidence in human nature to carry it through! May this venture be but the forerunner of many more to follow. No timidity on our part should make us hold back in sullen isolation. The Catholic Church has nothing to fear from getting out in the open. Let us court investigation. Let us meet inquirers half-way. A truly Catholic and a truly American spirit has no room for an Achilles sulking in his tent. Imagine the eagerness with which Saint Paul or Saint Francis Xavier would have seized the opportunity to participate in a seminar with Greek philosophers or Japanese bonzees. Nothing succeeds like success, and this experiment of Catholics, Jews and Protestants talking face to face has succeeded. May their tribe increase!

Mountain Air

The forests are crowned with dawn
And out of the dawn bright wings
Arise like sparks and are gone
Along the impassioned sky.
And my heart lifts and sings,
For air that danced over stars,
As the clear snow-water streams
Dance over the polished stones,
Swirls on its rainbowed bars
And sprays my flesh and bones
And washes over my dreams. . . .

I stand like one in a pool
Of the mountain springs,
Cleaned and refreshed and cool—
With the feel of wings!

But O, for greater wings
Than the wings of a bird
Or of a heart that sings,
To dart and dip
In rippled lakes of the sky,
To rise, from the surface stirred,
In an arc, and drip
With a rainbow shower.

And then, near earth, to fly
And brush each thirsting lip
Through this enchanted hour
Till myriad hearts revive
To breath of it—alive
As one who stands in a pool
Of the mountain springs,
Cleaned and refreshed and cool—
With the feel of wings!

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

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WHAT NOT TO DO IN COLLEGE

By DOUGLAS BUSH

AFTER a period of immense expansion American educators have become less confident about the virtues of mass-production in the universities. The body educational seems to have ailments out of proportion to the money lavished on its nourishment, and every month diagnosticians of varying competence offer their prescriptions in three out of four magazines. So we read of the Antioch plan, and the Wisconsin plan, and what-not, until we are ready to cast all theorists, the good and the bad alike, into outer darkness. Most people who see hordes of illiterate young students getting degrees every spring, who know what a hodgepodge of social, athletic, and occasionally intellectual acquirements those degrees represent, betake themselves to painful brooding over the democratic idea, and the pain is not lessened by the further knowledge that a large number of these pleasant children are going forth to teach. The insistence of the problem is shown by the constant efforts in recent years to escape from the factory system through modified tutorial methods and some simplification of a preposterously cluttered curriculum.

Some of these plans seem to be working fairly well, though the glowing accounts of them which appear in print need to be compared with the disinterested verdicts of those on the ground. Other plans are merely Utopian, the last flame of idealism that flickers in the bosoms of weary teachers. Every college contains at least a few good professors and a few good students. The problem is to prevent their being swamped by the masses of irresponsible children who come, or are driven, into college for the wrong reasons, and whose sheer weight of numbers and mental inertia turns most colleges into high schools.

Since the various remedies exist only on paper or are in a doubtfully experimental stage, there may be room for an account of a system which has been working for decades—that of the University of Toronto. And since one constantly meets American graduate students who think that the University of Toronto and McGill are the same institution, one may assume that its ways are not generally known. But the University of Toronto is one of three colleges—the others being Harvard and Swarthmore—which the Carnegie Foundation lately ranked together because in them study is a major sport. It may be added—though our concern is with the college of liberal arts—that the Rockefeller Institute has ranked the Toronto Medical School first on the continent. Further and perhaps stronger testimony to the efficient working of the Toronto system is found in the welcome its graduates receive in American graduate schools and in American faculties; they are really all over the place. One might add as final evidence the fact that the Modern Language Association elected to meet in Toronto this year, but in view of the well-known doggishness and thirst of the professor, the fair fame of the university may not be the only reason for gathering in hospitable Canada.

Overcrowding and the growth of huge lecture courses, which present continual difficulties in the United States, are at Toronto largely obviated through the existence of four united arts colleges. (Since the union began in the last century one may be mildly surprised at reading in American newspapers that recent proposals for some such system at Harvard and elsewhere represent a new idea on this continent.) The teaching of some subjects, such as science, is centralized in the largest of the four colleges, while literature and philosophy are handled in parallel courses in all four. Courses and examinations are uniform, and degrees are granted by the university, not by the colleges. The colleges range in population from several hundred to over a thousand, and each is a self-contained unit, with its own faculty, library, dormitories, dining-halls and traditions. Such a division combines the advantages of the small college community—which is more valued as it threatens to become extinct in the United States—with the superior equipment of a large university. Further, while a large proportion of American alumni and undergraduates translate "alma mater" as "a winning football team," the united colleges at Toronto have a natural impulse toward the cultivation of intramural athletics, an ideal which has been urged at a number of American universities that have recoiled from the appalling commercialization of football. To that ubiquitous enemy of education, the "old grad," it may seem incredible that in recent years at Toronto the question arose whether the university football team should employ a professional coach.

Even more important than the division into colleges is the division of all arts students into two strata, honor and pass, throughout the four years. The honor courses are the various fields of concentration, and the programs for these are laid down in the catalogue. The curriculum is table d'hôte, not à la carte; the four-year course is elected as a whole at the beginning. There is no elective system in the American sense, though there is a limited choice among several minor allied subjects. There is no wide array of elective courses within each field, nor any alternation from year to year. Only relatively few courses are given, and all the students in a given major take those courses in prescribed order. The courses are so arranged that the four years afford a rounded survey of the chosen subject. While American students would doubtless rebel at so much prescription, students at Toronto do not seem to feel that the rights of man are unduly

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infringed. The immense advantages of the system are obvious. From the beginning the division into honor and pass categories separates the sheep from the goats, and honor students who fall below the rigorous honor standards are dropped to the pass course. While able students occasionally prefer the more general pass course, it may be said that, with qualifications, the two categories fulfil the double objective set up in Dean McConn's wise and lively book, College or Kindergarten; that is, the honor students constitute the real college of serious workers, and the pass courses provide for the mass whose interests lie mainly outside of education, and whose numbers and inertia do so much in American universities to lower standards. Further, prescribed courses rule out "cafeteria culture," the sets of wildly unrelated courses which are commonly chosen by the youth of eighteen whom President Eliot regarded as his own best guide. The small number of courses means that the university attempts not to teach everything that has a name, but to provide the means of a liberal education.

Students of different years are not mixed, since the courses are arranged progressively. An instructor therefore is always teaching a homogeneous group, not a class containing majors and minors and sophomores and doctoral candidates. There is no mathematical accumulation of A's and B's and C's to show at what precise point one may be declared educated. Attendance at classes is left to the discretion of the student. Each academic year is a unit, since there is no division into semesters or quarters, and in pass courses there are examinations twice a year, in honor courses only at the end of the year. It is assumed that students who have to be driven by constant quizzes are not worth saving. The student is responsible mainly to himself, and is not in daily relations with the college office.

If two strata of students, and parallel work in four colleges suggest expense, there is a great saving in other directions. A fairly simple humanistic program does not require a great number of teachers. Further, Canadians have less money than Americans, and not everyone goes automatically to the university. Students who enter honor courses have had five or often six years in high school, and are much better grounded than American students generally are. The university budget accordingly does not have to provide for the vast amount of elementary instruction which is a matter of course and of necessity in American colleges. In contrast with the army of American instructors in rhetoric, there are no instructors in composition in the University of Toronto—though the average of writing is higher than in most American colleges, and even the least lettered of its graduates is incapable of the juvenile barbarities which we have to crown with a B.A.

One of the pillars of the Toronto curriculum is the honor course in classics, which takes a student through more ancient literature than is read by many American candidates for the doctorate. And an elementary knowledge of Latin is much more necessary among non-classical students than it is in this country. In American colleges English is usually the most popular major—for reasons which the teacher knows too well—and at Toronto there is no honor course in English alone; English is combined with history, ancient and modern, and with classical or modern languages, barriers sufficient to keep out the lame and the halt and the idle. Thus English style is learned not so much through continual writing out of an empty head as through continual translation, as, with young people, it ought to be.

In a large number of American universities prospective teachers have to take a great deal of undergraduate work in pedagogy, so that while they ought to be learning something they are being filled with the gaseous theory of teaching—and go forth to teach one knows not what to the next generation of university students. At Toronto those who intend to teach take a post-graduate course of one year in the college of education, and if they have been properly educated, no great harm is done.

While Canada suffers, like its greater neighbor, from democratic worship of mediocrity and spurious success, educational ideals at Toronto are as aristocratic as they well can be. American standards have been dictated largely by the "able C-man," though efforts are being made to escape from that bondage, and though individual students, with much chafing, make their own escape. At Toronto attention is concentrated on the honor students, the backbone of the undergraduate body. The comparative simplicity of the curriculum is based upon the old-fashioned belief that some kinds of knowledge are more important than others. It is also assumed that an educated person who wishes to follow a particular interest does not need to take a course in it for credit. This outline is not intended as a revelation of an educational paradise, yet in these days of criticism and of trial, a well-tested experiment in conservative simplification may be of interest to the large number of people who, contemplating the vast machinery of education in this country and its human results, sometimes sigh that the mountain is in labor.

Snow

If you wake up at dawn you'll see
Snow practising photography.
A little gully deep in grass
Becomes, enlarged, a mountain-pass.
With the sun's prismed lenses set,
Each roof's a silver parapet,
And Alpine peaks rise clear and far,
Where crystal-studded chimneys are.
While every pole and wire and tree
In architectural filigree,
Towers in pearl and ivory.

J. Corson Miller.

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THE DUSTY STREETS OF THE WEST

A CHINESE DIPLOMAT WRITES HOME

East and West differ as much as ever, and the advantage is not wholly with the West. The following letter was sent by its eminent writer to his wife in China while he was on a mission in London. By reason of a promise made to the writer, who is now dead, it is impossible to do more here than vouch for the authenticity of the original and to say that it was composed quite recently—as a matter of fact, during the discussion of the gold-franc question. The translation was made by Mr. Boyd-Carpenter.—The Editors.

"LIFE is given to those who are obedient unto heaven; those who disobey, heaven destroys." So thou biddest me remember as we parted, leaving thee, my radiant pearl, in the home of my ancestors. How often does this farewell sentence of thine recur to me, as by that power of mental sight which a just heaven has given to all I again walk in our oleander courts, and hear thy footsteps fall gently upon its stones, and see again thy smile of welcome spread o'er thy face, as when some pleasing love thought possessed thy mind!

But I must tell thee that these western towns and houses are not as our Chinese—London is not Pekin. Here only in the spring does nature aid the works of man—because the western man builds high buildings which time ages; which smoke, dirt, dust, encrust with a dull grey grime; all their buildings are black or greyly red, or are dusted o'er to a whitish grey. Their streets, because of the high buildings, are gloomy and noise-ridden; peaceless with a ceaseless movement. Their architecture, unlike ours, is colorless in its design as in its exterior. There are no colored roofs of golden yellow, saffron tinted, gleaming tiles glittering under heaven's peerless sun—nor can there be seen a roof of gay, glossy green decorated along its radiating ribs with animals whose presence recalls the story of the Faithful Hen;—nor even the black and red tiles such as our temples use.

Thou mindest the view over our northern capital, so correctly named "Obedient unto Heaven," which we are wont to watch from its walls—those dazzling glances of yellow through the zephyr-blown green of the trees? Such cannot be seen here—nothing such; no, partner of my joys, nothing such. But from a highly placed window there comes to the eyes a vision of a wide brown vista deepening to black, with here and there a lonely tree—all in a stiff formation with an angular regularity and a dumb, unsatisfying uniformity, like unto the rippling sand of Sha'-Mo. Of such is the view of their capital city.

Within their houses the furniture clingeth unto the straight lines of the wall—each room is straight or square. Nor is their furniture decorated with stone or marble inset plaques. Their eyes and minds find no beauty or solace in stones. They trace not in its graining hills, trees or tender memories of great events or sacred spots; all seems unimaginative and lifeless. No moon door frames a view or renders the passing of heaven's shadow pleasing, in their gardens, wherein a dissimilarity of color is marred by their love of an unvarying uniformity of linear designs.

Yet their public parks oft remind one of the saying of Buddha when he rested in Rajagriha: "As a ditch in a field beside the highway will hold in its midst a flowering lily, which spreads far and wide its delightful perfume," so are their public parks an oasis of color and calm amid the deepening mass of soot, grimed streets and enshrouded buildings. . . . Here too the men, as in America, struggle ceaselessly for money, plan many ways to gain and possess it, tirelessly ponder on the potentialities of spending it.

Their shops are full of toys. Toys for children—toys for women—toys for men; persons of all ages and at all ages have toys with which to play. But curiously, many of these are brought here from Germany and Japan. Some few they make themselves. The toys are of all shapes and sizes, but often are they imitations of the human figure. Those displayed in the shop windows are but crudely formed; some with clothes, and some, not obeying the ceremony of manners, clothesless; some with limbs that move or eyes that close, others with garments that can be put on or off, these being for the little children. Then do they make toys of the common implements of life, of farming and commerce—toy carts, toy horses, toy cows, toy locomotives, toy tools; even of mechanics' and builders' requisites, thus imitating all they see around them. Not toys of imagination, as are our Dragon crackers, our whistling pigeons, our spirit rites. Those for women are the same—the toys of a dull, copying spirit. The women toy with a fan in the winter; the women toy, as do our Manchu women, with the red pencil; placing many kinds of beads and stones upon the hair, they yet bind not the hair in the Manchu fashion. The women toy with their garments as doth the Japanese woman with her obi, to create sensations by their costumes. The women dress in Chinese and Japanese silks of many colors, and so wear these that the form of the body appeareth to the eye of all. Thus do the women of the West toy with men.

Thou rememberest how Chow Tzu Chu told us that formerly western women permitted only the shoulders to be seen without clothes—now they allow the dress to hang by but two narrow strips from the shoulders, displaying arms, shoulders, back, chest, to

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which they add when reclining an unceremonious display of feet, ankles and beyond, so that our friend Chow Tzu Chu was wont to say, "From the top they lower their nakedness and from their feet they heighten their shame." Thus again this is how they toy with the etiquette of ceremonial behavior and the rites of manners.

The men's toys are to be seen within special shops, being sticks of all shapes and sizes, with which they hit balls made of many kinds of material. These balls are large and small—some hard, some soft, some covered with leather, some with coarse material, some even made from rubber, some which, being hollow, on being struck by a stick or on hitting the ground, leap far away. Each stick is shaped differently to suit the particular purpose of the toy. Now these men keep large areas of land wherein and whereon they beat the ball around. Sometimes two men play at beating the ball. Sometimes twenty-two men will run around and beat the ball with their feet, and this they call "exercise." All these toys cause many to be employed. So I reflected, "As the birds fight for food, so will a man die for money," considering not, as the Lord Buddha has said, "As the waters of a river ever hasten on and flow away, and being gone never return, such is the life of man." These western men pay money for toys, exercise the body, thinking to gain physical strength—forgetting that the body goeth not to heaven.

Yet the mind and the heart, which when disciplined form the compass of life, are by these western men and women wasted and worn by this undue playing with toys. Wherein do I perceive that they forget what the great Mencius has told to us: "Nothing that proceeds from you will return again to you." Tiredness of heart, weariness of mind, are not gifts of heaven.

I delay here but a few days more as the letters which I brought for the ambassador are now delivered, on account of which he took me this day to the Foreign Affairs Office, of which I write these few thoughts. The building, square in form, is gloomy and dark. Within there were many who gazed at us, and here we found that they in this country have but little knowledge of our Book of Rites. One asked us for our signature for her book of personal names, so the ambassador remarked that we should write our names, not using our personal seal—and thus it was done. But unsatisfied she asked the ambassador Chang Wei Tien to write a Chinese quotation, not knowing that separating a quotation from one good poem would oft destroy the poem.

So Chang Wei Tien seating himself wrote, shaping careful characters:

Wei Jen pu fu—i
Wei fu pu Jen—i.

to which I ventured, upon request, to add this couplet of translation:

As the benevolent becometh not rich
So the rich man becometh not benevolent.

Hereat all seemed to be pleased, many as we left seeming to marvel greatly that our literature had such sayings.

We presented then our letters written in Chinese and in English, to which the great man replied that in due course an answer should be returned; which phrase did Chang Wei Tien say meant, "We are busy these days and will tell thee at which time we are not busy."

Thus is China treated. Not so Japan. Yet do thou press upon all thy women friends to teach our children to be strong in health, firm in purpose and to so extract from western knowledge such as will give to our Middle Kingdom once again the power to control all within the four seas, as was done in the glorious days of Kang Hsi and his grandson, Chien Lung. These Westerners ever speak of the golden rule, which Kung Fu Tze mentions, as thou knowest, in The Analects, and again useth it as a question in the doctrine of the mean. Both western teachers and governments talk about this and seek that others should so practise this rule that they may increasingly enjoy at those others' expense. Thus the things of the spirit confute yet support the things of the world.

To Lao San do I send a western clock which hath a bird within, which on the hour cometh forth from the house and speaketh the hours; to thee, Mother of Lao San, a book of pictures of this great town around which there are no walls, and whose river, dark and black by day, as by night, makes its grey journey to the sea.

Tonight Chang Wei Tien taketh me to the Japanese embassy to eat with the ambassador who belongeth to the Zen Sect of the lengthwise passing over of the greater vehicle. But Chang Wei Tien belongeth to and practiseth the path of the wise of the lengthwise going out. Thus shall we talk of the merits and philosophy of the Shin Ran and Zen Sects and other kindred matter.

Far into the night, hearing much of the Land of the Pure Sect—but as they talk, within my mind shall I recall the verses from the Hipata, which I spoke to thee the day that Lao San came as Buddha's gift to thee and me:

Unthinking of itself, a mother's love
Unfolds and feeds her treasured son;
Permeating all shall thy companion move
Enthusing living creatures every one.
Sinking, yet soaring, in chainless liberty
Freed from ill will, as purged from enmity.

Thus musing shall I envisage once again the home of my ancestors, our Lao San and thee who sharest my mind and my soul—but who illuminest and rejoicest my heart.

I am, thy husband,
Kao-Pen-Teh.

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SCOUTING

By PAUL HANLY FURFEY

A LITTLE over twenty years ago the first troops of Boy Scouts began to be formed in England. Today national scout organizations exist in at least forty-one countries. In 1910 the movement came to America and was incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia. Today there are over six hundred and twenty-five thousand boy scouts in this country to say nothing of almost two hundred thousand volunteer adult leaders who serve in various capacities. Surely a movement which has shown such phenomenal growth merits closer study. Scouting is the largest boys' club in the world. Wherein is the peculiar power of the movement which has brought it into such unexampled popularity?

Scouting appeals to the boy because it is true to boy psychology. It weaves into its program the boy's love of the wild—woods and streams and open fields. It capitalizes his love of adventure. It appeals to something primitive within him that longs for the adventurous past in which man had to subsist by his own prowess and ingenuity. These things, however, are not the essence of scouting. The deepest appeal of the movement lies in the fact that its object is to build character. Scouting is fun, but it is not mere fun. Its supreme purpose is to "make real boys into real men by a real program which works."

Scouting achieves its effect on character through the intimate association of the boys with the adult leader or "Scoutmaster" as he is called. For this reason the local units of the Scouts are kept small. No troop may have more than thirty-two boys. By thus limiting the size of the group the Scoutmaster is enabled to know each boy well. He is in a position to bring out the bashful boy, to curb the bully and to give each lad the individual attention which he needs and oftentimes cannot get elsewhere.

The program of the Boy Scouts is designed to make each member self-reliant and capable of acting quickly in emergency. From the time the new Scout passes his tenderfoot test up to the coveted rank of Eagle Scout the boy is continually being taught such subjects as first aid, signaling, life saving, camp cookery and other subjects carefully chosen to foster self-reliance and independence.

An objection sometimes is heard that Scouting appeals to merely natural motives and leaves no room for the supernatural. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is true that there are no explicitly religious features in the Scouting program. It would, of course, be impossible to have them if the movement is to embrace boys of various religions. But this does not mean that the organization is not alive to the importance of the spiritual in the boy's life. The policy of the Boy Scouts of American is embodied in their constitution which says,

> The Boy Scouts of America maintain that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognizing his obligation to God.... The Boy Scouts of America therefore recognizes the religious element in the training of a boy, but it is absolutely non-sectarian in its attitude toward that religious training. Its policy is that the organization or institution with which the boy scout is connected shall give definite attention to his religious life.

The organization, therefore, not merely permits but expects and even demands that a troop connected with a Catholic Church shall incorporate religious features into its program. It leaves the details to those in charge of the troop. The boys may have their own communion Sunday, they may be organized into a junior Holy Name Society, or any other arrangement may be made to obtain the desired result.

If any doubt remains as to the desirability of Scouting as a program for Catholic boys it must certainly be removed by the explicit approval given the movement by the Holy See. In a letter dated October 7, 1919, Cardinal Gasparri states that His Holiness wishes the movement every success and

> gladly bestows the Apostolic Blessing on all those who further the Catholic extension of the Scouting movement under the auspices of ecclesiastical authorities.

If we train the boy to be loyal to his God and his country then we need have no fear for the future of the Catholic Church in America or the future of America itself. Scouting has been found by experience to be an excellent means of training character. Our duty, therefore, seems clear. We should do all in our power to promote the growth of this excellent movement, particularly in an age when the problems of raising children are so seriously aggravated by the materialistic urge. Surely the Boy Scout teaching of consideration for others, in itself, embodies a quality all too rare today and one which springs from the essentials of Christianity.

Plagiarism

My quest lies far across the hidden waters,
The lands that touch the fairways are all charted,
I'd sooner dock than claim another's headland,
Though finds are few now.

I know it's somewhere lying in the sea bloom,
As tender and as dusky as a plum-bough—
In cold of words and watches of the spirit,
I'll strain unto it.

And if I fail I will have had the thunder,
The bursting, bellying hours of rip and glory,
When the dumb sea lifts up its myriad dewlaps
Of lowing oxen.

But oh the heady joy if I shall find it,
The telling it as if a court were listening,
And I a Spanish sailor with an island,
"Sire, deign to take it!"

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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CONCERNING CATHOLIC POETS

By DAVID P. McASTOCKER

THE appearance within the last two years of five Catholic anthologies of verse has evoked, as was to be expected, many and varied reviews, essays, literary articles, anent the subject of Catholic poetry. The majority of these criticisms were both instructive and constructive; some few, while congratulating the different editors on their selections, took issue not so much on the poetry presented by them as on their use and understanding of the word "Catholic" as applied to poets.

Speaking of poetry in general and prescinding from Catholic verse, knowledge of an author is, largely, a mere complimentary one. Of course there is relationship between poets and poetry, between an author and his work, but the cord is a slender one and may easily be severed without working an appreciable harm to those who read the result of his labor. It may add somewhat to our enjoyment of a poet to be familiar with his habits, with the locality where he dwells, even with his religious belief, but it is by no means necessary to a true estimate of his literary worth. Over and above this, such a knowledge often leads to erroneous conclusions. I may like immensely the poetry of Burns and of Wordsworth, and in my enthusiasm I may even journey to the former's "ain countrie" or to Dove Cottage, Grasmere, where the latter resided: and once there I may figure out to my own satisfaction just when and under what influences they wrote. But shall I be correct? Can I with any degree of certitude state that Burns wrote Sae Far Awa' while thinking of a particular lassie? Or that Wordsworth wrote certain passages while under the spell of a local environment? Perhaps, if the truth were known, both poets had in mind not so much an earthly coign of vantage as an ethereal one—the "Land of Dreams" as Homer puts it.

Moreover, when the question of a poet's religious convictions is judged from his written works, even greater mistakes may easily be made. Hundreds of years from now, some old bookworm may write an admirable essay on the poetry of Longfellow; and taking excerpts from Evangeline and A Psalm of Life conclude, both to his own satisfaction and that of his readers, that the author belonged to the Church of Rome. Yet the fact will remain that Longfellow was not a Catholic; and equally, the fact will remain that both the above-named poems might have been penned by an ardent Catholic, so thoroughly in accord with the Church are they, both as to subject and manner of treatment.

Returning, however, to the main discussion as to the meaning of the word "Catholic," as applied to poets, it may be stated beforehand that it is an auspicious indication of the progress of Catholic literature in this country to have the question on the tapis at all. There was little or no need in the past to bring up this discussion for Catholic poets were few and far between: that it is mooted now argues well for the present condition and future health of Catholic literary endeavor in America.

To begin, I think all will agree that there should be a closer nexus between a Catholic poet and his work. Or, to put it in other words, that more should be expected of him in his private life than is looked for in those outside the Faith. The very name he bears demands this. That name carries a singular appeal and the flavor of character in its very sound, that name imposes a sense of noblesse oblige on those who are marked with it to embody the connotations of the word. There is quiet music in its sound, and the overtones of unassuming and lofty nobility whisper through its syllables. Therefore, since it is such an honor to be called a Catholic, I am of the opinion that we both stultify ourselves and show very poor taste in striving to confer that honor—willy-nilly—on famous personages, whether it be for poetry, science or any other line of endeavor. A case in point was the way a number of Catholic papers and magazines featured the fact that Madam Curie and her husband were Catholics, whereas Curie, though baptized a Catholic, openly renounced the Faith in his latter years. The most beautiful lyric ever written is the song that of necessity emanates from a stainless Christian life, whether the subject be poet or rustic it matters not.

The case of those who, though they have never openly apostatized, have nevertheless led worldly or vicious lives, appears to cause much concern to a recent critic. He is of the mind that a man of the stamp of Joel Chandler Harris should not be classified as a Catholic. Of course I am supposing that there is nothing in the writings of men of this calibre in opposition to the teachings of the Church; and supposing this, is not an attitude of exclusion rather too severe? Francis Thompson himself (whom the critic venerates deeply) would not measure up to such a standard. Certainly the Church, in dispensing the sacraments, considers that person as belonging to the fold who has never renounced her; and allows her minister to go and care for him in case of sudden accident, taking it for granted that he wishes to remain and be in reality what he was perhaps only nominally before—a Catholic. Why should we act otherwise in literature than in religion? The rule is a very common-sense one, and has behind it the usage of ages.

The compliers of Current Catholic Verse, since they were reviewing only magazine poetry in Catholic periodicals during the past year, were confronted by two difficulties. One was that many prominent Catholic poets, while writing frequently during the last year for secular publishers, did not appear at all under Catholic auspices. Hence we were obliged to exclude them from an anthology of Catholic magazine verse, though in a wider collection of Catholic poetry, their names and works ought to be included.

The other difficulty may be stated in this way: At a prominent Catholic university of the West only four boys on the football squad are Catholics, the rest are Protestants. Similarly there are many not of our faith writing poetry in Catholic periodicals. In an anthology of Catholic magazine verse, one cannot very well exclude them. To begin with, they are appearing under the banner of the Church. American soldiers enlisted in the Canadian armies were rightfully looked upon as Canadian soldiers. They were serving under Canadian colors. In like manner these contributors deserve the same consideration. Our Holy Father, in a recent address to a number of Italian students, urged them to show courtesy and consideration to those outside the Faith: and spoke in the following beautiful manner: "Gold-lined rock, though separated from the mother lode, is nevertheless gold-lined." In leaving the Church many of the sects took part of the teachings of the Master with them; and today we find their adherents oftentimes expressing these doctrines in language so choice and chaste as to arouse admiration in the hearts of those belonging to the true faith. However, as I remarked before, such a difficulty would not present itself in an anthology of general Catholic verse, where such writers could not hope to be included.

In conclusion, if we focus our attention more on Catholic poetry than on Catholic poets, it appears to me the general result will be better. We shall then of necessity demand

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higher standards and ideals. When we do consider authors, let it be along the broad, common-sense line which the Church employs. If they were baptized in her bosom, and have not publicly repudiated her, they are—to all intents and purposes —Catholics. What they are in their private lives is something for them to settle with God and their consciences.

A rather amusing incident occurs in one of the late musical successes. In the second act, the comic lead walks hurriedly across stage in an effort to reach the cabin of the hero. He is stopped by some mounted police who are bivouacking around a fire. They invite him to join the circle. After generously partaking of their anti-Volsteadian hospitality, he insists on telling a story—a fairy story.

"Once upon a time," he begins, "once upon a time the king rode forth. He might have ridden fifth, but he didn't. He rode forth." Quite naturally the audience titters. The play on words is so utterly absurd that it creates a chuckle of amusement among the listeners. It appears to me we are very liable to be judged in the same amused way if we use the word "Catholic" in speaking of poets and poetry, in four or five different meanings.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT SHALL CATHOLICS DO?

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Peter O'Hara, in answering your editorial, What Shall Catholics Do? draws some interesting conclusions, but in applying a remedy to the conditions of the day suggests mere palliatives rather than specifics.

What he says of harassed pastors is but too true, and he might have added that in too many instances the pastor is harassed not only, or not so much, by detail, financial and administrative, as by a definite undercurrent of insubordination and committee-consciousness in his leading parishioners.

The thought seems to be gaining ground among many of our Catholics that "the priest should spend his time with spiritual things and the material aspects of our congregation should be in the hands of a committee or of a lay business manager, subject to a committee." This idea is usually inspired by the best of good-will toward the pastor, but if carried to its conclusion it would produce results far from the ideal which up to now we have had of the Catholic Church and her teachings.

Parochialism is the one besetting evil of American Catholic congregations. "It's my parish—and my group against all comers." The thought of healthful rivalry between parishes in a diocese has degenerated into an exclusiveness and total disregard for our fellow-Catholics of the neighboring parish. This evil must be overcome and we as Catholics must focus our mental eye on the universality of the Church—Catholic we must be in spirit as well as name. How this is to be accomplished is not a matter of conjecture, but we in the Catholic Church have a definite, effective and ready remedy for all our ills.

Mr. O'Hara says, "Congregations are leaving the church every Sunday in an unresponsive mood. They have come to pray, and leave with the sense of being scorned." Right there I believe is the answer to the needs of the day. Too many of our Catholics go to church on a Sunday "to pray"—never thinking or rather not knowing the "how" of their prayer. Personal piety and individual prayer are the order of the day. Holy Mother Church commands us to appear at church on Sunday—with the thought that the half-hour or more be spent in public worship as one of God's holy congregation; we go all right, but instead of public honor to the Almighty, we spend our time in private devotion.

The answer to the evils enumerated above, and to many more, lies in the liturgy, in public worship. Where a congregation is conscious of what the liturgy means to the laity, in how many ways it appeals to us, there will be no tendency to harass the pastor. The narrow parochialism will fall away and we all will be imbued with a lively sense of membership in the Church Catholic. And above all, where liturgical consciousness pervades a congregation, the approach to the outsider is made easier and more pleasant.

We are all too prone to count the number of converts per priest, but never the number of converts per Catholic. We have left convert-making almost exclusively to the clerics, and the priest, by force of circumstances, gets in touch with the candidate only after he is already well-disposed. If we look about a bit we will find that most converts are started on their path of reunion with the Church Universal by some personal contact with a Catholic or through attendance at Mass, where their curiosity has been aroused. Only too often that curiosity remains unsatisfied, because their Catholic acquaintances are unable to give a lucid explanation of what happens at the altar, and to a priest the candidate simply will not go.

Much is said about the pulpit and preaching and nothing about what impels the laity to go to hear a sermon. Only too often the magnetism of the speaker impels, rather than the message, and pleasure at having heard a sermon rather than the lessons inculcated is the drawing magnet and the result. If we draw the pulpit into the circle of the liturgy, if we put the proper stress on the "word" as well as the "action," the result must be a great gain.

The Missal must be put in the hands of every Catholic. He must be taught to participate with the priest and under his guidance publicly and vocally to worship with the congregation. The structure of the Mass—a thousand years' growth —is the result of the Church's age-long experience with mankind. When the Catholic layman realizes that the Mass has its instructional, sacrificial and spiritual banquet aspects, he will receive real, solid, spiritual comfort from his attendance. The Offertory, Consecration and Communion are, as we know, the principal parts of the Mass, but have we ever stopped to think how much comes before? Do we know that the preparation is important, since only when we are in a proper state of preparedness are we in a position to reap the richest possible reward?

The Epistles and Gospels are the preaching of the Church to the congregation, and when we consider the pulpit in its proper relation to the altar, we will be in a position to derive all the value from public worship. Rather than rely on the preached word alone, the Church ties up the living word with the living sacrifice and appeals to our souls as well as to our minds.

The specific for so much that needs rectification in our congregations lies in the bringing of the liturgy back to the people. A man who is imbued with the spirit of the liturgy cannot but be a better Christian, and that this is a possibility is shown by history—whenever participation in the Mysteries was universal, those outside the Church could and did say, "See how they love one another."

JOSEPH G. GRUNDLE.

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FILMING THE NATION'S MIND

Woodstock, Md.

TO the Editor:—I refer to the article Filming the Nation's Mind, in your issue of December 19.

It might, I think, be conceded that the St. Louis Post-Dispatch is a great newspaper and also it might be regretted that no eminent Catholic intellectual joined in the singing incident to its fifty years of being great. I, however, am not of that opinion and it is an opinion which ought to be intelligible when a list of the choristers who sang on that happy occasion is given. You enumerate Calvin Coolidge, H. G. Wells, Dean Inge, Henry Ford, Sidney Hillman, J. B. S. Haldane, James Harvey Robinson, Rudolph Holzapfel, Count Keyserling and Maxim Gorky.

Now you will admit, I think, that to bring a Catholic into this company were to betray a lamentable ignorance of the requirements of harmony, and that the editors manifested good taste, at least, in not extending an invitation to any Catholic intellectual if this be true.

What would you have: a Catholic, say, discuss Saint Paul's Letter to the Ephesians on one page, only to have the reader turn over to see H. G. Wells or Dean Inge make a mockery of the Son of God? Would you have a Catholic insist on one page on the ideas contained in the First Commandment and on the opposite behold Henry Ford's flivver enshrined in a temple with the devotees of this progress kneeling?

But, O yes, culture is the subject of your story. American culture? Define please and explain.

Again, what is "pragmatically satisfying speech"? Would this be an instance, "Man was created to praise, reverence and serve God and thus save his soul"? More, who are the "country's leading intelligentsia"? If my suspicions are correct, the "one-horse show" is to be preferred. You say with a note of despair, "At least a few vital contacts with the stream of actual life are desirable," and the implication is that the Catholic Church has none of these. A pondering of the error of this implication might explain to you exactly why it was that no Catholic appeared in the jubilee number of the great St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

CHARLES J. GALLAGHER.

HUMANISM AND RELIGION

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Gorham Munson, in an article in the December issue of the Bookman entitled, The Embattled Humanists, reviews the series of essays culminating in T. S. Eliot's The Humanism of Irving Babbitt—a series that ran in the Forum during the past year. The point Mr. Munson makes is that humanism (Mr. Babbitt's and Mr. More's being representatives of the attitude) hitherto at sword's point with the utilitarians and sentimentalists, is now in pretty fair possession of the field and has next to face religion as its foe.

If so, the attack must come aggressively from organized, revealed religion. For Mr. Babbitt's humanism (let us refer to it in this way) is more truly religious than much religion, and is really fighting on the same side against a common enemy. Ultimately, however, there are deep differences between humanism and religion, which need to be reasserted with special reference to the contemporary humanistic point of view, now that the time is ripe for stressing differences.

But "religion" is not nowadays a univocal term. It is significant, in this connection, that Mr. Babbitt mentions the Catholic Church so often in his book. Indeed, it seems that Catholicism in particular is in his mind when he speaks of religion. Again and again, moreover, he has made what is, not perhaps in form, but in effect, a material challenge against it—most recently in an article in the Forum (January, 1929). I quote the particular sentences:

"The person who refuses to accept pseudo-science or any other substitute for standards still has to decide whether he is to secure his standards in a critical or purely traditional way. The Roman Catholic, for example, gets his standards in this latter way."

I hope some Catholic with the time, tact and learning will take up the glove here virtually proffered; the more so since Mr. Babbitt has in the same article indicated what seems to me an opportune opening for an attack from the Catholic stand. I mean his assertion that he would rather put his trust in "the immediate data of consciousness" than in "tradition." There is here no alternative mentioned, nor the possibility that the two may not be mutually exclusive. There is here a begging of the question: that Catholic tradition is an accumulation of data and dogma that cannot stand critical examination.

In this attitude of Mr. Babbitt's is involved the subtle problem of cultural and temperamental influences. There is, too, in humanism, an infection "in its philosophy of a priori intuitions," of a "science of the phenomenal world" (to use Mr. Herbert Read's phrasing) so that it is humanism with a distinctly positivistic bias and arrest. His faith, as Mr. Read points out further (Humanism and the Absolute, the Criterion, December, 1928) is a faith in reason. But must not reason reflect on the data of experience? And is not history experience? And is not tradition history?

Mr. Babbitt's profound erudition and assimilation of the culture of the past give evidence that his "immediate data of consciousness" strike deep roots in tradition. How much is he, perhaps unconsciously, indebted to this tradition? How much history and tradition can the able Catholic historian and thinker still further point out that Mr. Babbitt perhaps overlooks, or approaches with certain unsuspected predispositions?

VICTOR M. HAMM.

THE NIETZSCHEAN NORDIC

Williamstown, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The article by Frederic Thompson in The Commonweal for January 23 was very interesting and very necessary.

The soul at one time was given "public recognition and its cultivation or perfecting, encouraged and made beautiful." That was before materialistic thought, not satisfied with its sway over the scientific world, began encroaching upon the realm of art, upon that realm which for ages has been held to be governed by laws defying the formulation of the physicist and the chemist; by laws to be understood only by the inner soul of man. Since, however, exact thought and the methods of the mathematician have so deeply penetrated the "known" and "unknownable," the soul is no longer fashionable.

We have instead prosperity (the kind with a capital P) but how poor we are—how much poorer we shall become!

If only thinking back could be made fashionable, and the new or rather the original meaning of words emphasized! "Ethics as canons of conduct" rather than a substitute for religion. Mere words are taking hold of the imagination and playing havoc with it—drugging it.

MARY KANE ROOD.

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POEMS

Tiger

The steamer breasted the tropic sea,
Where monsoon foam ran belted and barred
Like a tiger's hide. Grim, smiling, he
Thought death's fierce beauty not too hard.

He did not die. He had come to kill
His tiger. Arabia brandished bars
Of lurid sunset. He saw night spill
The short, sharp dusk; then the Indian stars.

A five days' march through the flaring plains,
Past groves where the parrots and monkeys screamed,
Over gullies swollen with tawny rains—
To the cavernous jungles of which he had dreamed.

Exulting he followed the tiger's track
To a bamboo clump. . . . He gamely smote
At the hot beast's eyes as, flung on his back
Admiring the streaked glossy coat,
Claws ripped, fangs fastened on his throat.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Heroes

Shall I ever believe again, having once believed
In fugitive heroes and the words they say?
How often from worship have I looked away
And wept I was a simpleton, deceived
By the captains of power and glory. I was a child
bereaved
Of childhood. Even my closest, even they
Who loved me, had lessened into faulty clay:
And I was the one hero, I who grieved. . . .

A simpleton, indeed, choosing despair:
Either great heroes and myself a child,
Or else myself the only faultless one!
I beg you, anybody, have a care
Not to be like me—though at last I smiled. . . .
We are all such little heroes in the sun.

WITTER BYNNER.

The Angel of Love and Death

When in a night of stars I see thee pass,
Great Angel, with thy solemn violet eyes,
Anguished, serene, intolerably wise
I know my littleness, how, even as grass
Consumed in the furnace, so in thee
I shall be swallowed up, annihilated,
Utterly from my sense-self separated.
Deep-drowned and whelmed as in some depthless sea.

O what mysterious harping from the stars,
As on their irised wheels they blazing turn!
The diapason of the organed night
Thrilling me shakes my heart, while fiercely bright
Thine august eyes in adoration burn
Of Him Who smiling sits beyond death's bars.

WILFRED CHILDE.

Monastery of Holy Mary

(Mallorca)

Climbing above the olive trees
We met a brown monk coming down,
And he had stuck some heather in
His girded gown.

"They would not hear you ring," he said,
"The gate is open. Just go through,
And if you like the flowers there,
Gather a few."

The hilltop monastery shone,
A honeycomb of golden air.
It was so still there seemed to be
No one there.

Not to awake the sleeping rose,
We crossed the garden silently
And found an alcove full of sun,
Facing the sea.

There were three walls of tile. The fourth
Was the blue water's depth and height:
And there were poems everywhere
I could not write.

Go make them for me looking where
Africa lies below the south.
Translate the Spanish of that bell
With silver mouth.

Write of the honey-colored walls
Crumbling about the garden close,
Write of the peace, not leaving out
The rose.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

Psalter Note

The words must finish and the story ends.
The book is closed, the Silences remain,
Except, far off, the noise of golden friends
Fading and closing down a darkening lane.

(It is a fearful thing to stand and wait
And listen, gauntly, on the quiet air
To footsteps vanishing across the gate,
Fearful it is to stand with Silence there.)

Except, far off, the laughter of the day
Meeting with evening, and the smaller sound
Of verses spoken in the ancient way
And shovels quickly busy with the ground.

It is not possible, I think, to scheme
But one such book. It is too large a theme.

BERT COOKSLEY.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Blanche Yurka's Hedda Gabler

IN SPITE of the antique mechanics of its plot, Ibsen's Hedda Gabler seems destined to draw the talents of actresses, great and less great, like a magnet. Either certain famous stage characters are obvious in their motivations, or else the reasons for their actions are so carefully explained and indicated by the author that the actor can do little more, by way of variety, than present a new visual appearance and heighten or subdue the emotional pitch of certain scenes. But Hedda is capable of a dozen distinct interpretations. She can be played malignantly, as Emily Stevens played her some years ago, or with cold languor changing swiftly to ferocity, in the Le Gallienne manner. She may be played as Blanche Yurka plays her—of which more presently—or in a way I have never yet seen, but some day hope to see, as a rather wild, impulsive creature whose apparent boredom is a mask for gnawing self-pity, and whose poison is spread about almost unconsciously.

There is one obstacle to creating a thoroughly believable Hedda, and that is the curious subplot of Judge Brack. It is quite distinct from the main theme and comes to its petty climax shortly before Hedda's suicide. Its effect is to twist the motivation of her self-destruction, which would otherwise be fairly simple and direct. As in nearly all Ibsen plays, one faces the fundamental question of whether Hedda is worth all the trouble spent upon her. She is unquestionably a morbid study. But there is one aspect in which she rises to more than that—and it is that aspect, freed from the confusion of the Brack episode, which I should like to outline.

At bottom, Hedda is undoubtedly a terrifying example of the sterility and destructiveness of self-love. She is apparently an only child, living in the memories of an affluent youth and the companionship of her father, a general in the army. After his death, she longs for the adulation she received from him, and seeks a substitute for it in the power she can wield over others. The period of the action of the play becomes nothing more than her gradual realization that whatever she touches, instead of becoming beautified, turns to dust. I have often felt that there is much in common between the problem of Hedda and those magnificent lines in the last act of Rostand's Don Juan, in which Satan admits that, through loving himself alone, he has been doomed to the eternal punishment of creating nothing. The power to create is the one thing he has envied God, and his aspiration to be God is the cause of his defeat. This satanic quality plays an all-important part in Hedda's life. She has no real love for any other human being outside of herself, but to reassure herself, to make herself great and powerful in her own eyes, she is constantly seeking an outward proof of her power. She becomes insanely jealous the moment she discovers any independent power in others. She and she alone must be the source of their inspiration. When she discovers that her influence is always destructive, that instead of bringing forth beauty it brings only degradation, it is such a blow to her self-love that she can no longer face existence. If you read the motivation of Hedda in this sense, she becomes logical and convincing. What is more, she becomes the incarnation of one of the primal sins.

The Brack episode is confusing simply because it is totally unnecessary. Judge Brack gets Hedda into his power through possessing the secret of Eilert's death, and to all appearances she commits suicide rather than live on under the domination of someone else. This is a thoroughly childish motive compared with the larger one, and tends to leave one in doubt as to the cause of her final decision.

Now the important thing about Blanche Yurka's Hedda is the emphasis she puts upon the major motivation. She does it in a very interesting way by giving Hedda in the first act a certain touch of graciousness. Miss Yurka's Hedda is not static. She grows in evil before your eyes, so that the play achieves a definite sense of movement. She is a woman who might have turned her talents to good, who does not realize the extent of her own Narcissus instincts, and who learns her lesson tragically and with growing terror. In other words Miss Yurka reminds us, through Hedda, that even Satan himself might have been—in fact was—something quite different before his self-love and envy of God consumed him.

It is the Actors' Theatre that is sponsoring Miss Yurka's series of Ibsen revivals, and they have provided a reasonably good supporting cast. Dallas Anderson plays Tesman, and happily plays him without the usual exaggeration, so that he becomes credible instead of a caricature. Linda Watkins jumps from her recent rôle as the pathetic child in The Wild Duck to the difficult task of interpreting Mrs. Elvsted, and while not giving quite the required maturity of appearance, she manages to convey a quality that might easily have wrought important changes in Eilert. The latter is played by Ralph Roeder in a melodramatic and oratorical tradition that robs him of all serious importance. Frederick Worlock's Judge Brack is adequate but hardly stimulating. (At the Forty-Ninth Street Theatre.)

Redemption

THE farewell week of Alexander Moissi has given us another chance to study the work of this famous German actor, as well as direction methods of Reinhardt employed in the production of Tolstoy's Redemption (The Living Corpse). As to Moissi himself, one's impression that he accomplishes more through tricks than through any deep inner fire does not largely change. His voice has great range, and his German diction is clear and deliberate, but the sum total of his work lacks body.

The direction methods hold more interest. By this time, American audiences are reasonably familiar with the intensive shafts of light, the half-darkened stage and the well-calculated rhythms so typical of Reinhardt. But there is a quality and a technique which he has infused into his actors deserving of more recognition. These German actors have learned how to play directly with each other. They maintain a reasonable rapport with the audience, but their chief task is obviously to create the illusion of real interplay of character with character. They seem utterly and joyously oblivious of the orchestra and balcony seats. They do not throw their griefs and joys skyward—but at each other. Their voices are not consciously pitched to reach the back row of the gallery, but have the natural modulations of true conversation. They rely on proper tone projection instead of loud speech to make their words carry. The result of all this is the creation of a complete and satisfactory illusion, unbroken by strained effects and actions that creep out of the frame. In this, the German troup have achieved a real supremacy.

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BOOKS

Frost—Early and Late

West-Running Brook, by Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

HAVING read and pondered West-Running Brook for a fortnight, I am moved to wish that someone would tell me what I think of it. If West-Running Brook were the work of some hitherto unknown poet I have very little idea how I should regard it. Surely I should find it highly interesting; but interesting rather in its promise than in its fulfillment. Being the work of Robert Frost it is perforce interesting; but interesting in the light of what has gone before at least as much as in its own accomplishment.

It is, of course, impossible for anyone with the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Frost's work to bring an innocent eye to the judgment of this his latest book. Two things are certain. We have no right to expect from any one man more than Robert Frost has already given us. And certain it is that no one will get from West-Running Brook one-quarter the pleasure he received from New Hampshire and the magnificent poems included in the volume with that title. I am a little in doubt as to the mathematical exactness of this statement. I am not at all in doubt as to its approximate truth. My eye, I am afraid, is a very guilty eye. I have fed on New Hampshire until nothing less will satisfy me.

Yet there are lines, even whole poems, in this book that will remain with us when much else has departed. Swift, seemingly casual flashes of vision, characteristic and unforgettable. Such as this:

> "Leaves got up in a coil and hissed,
> Blindly struck at my knee and missed."

And this:

> "The mountain pushed us off her knees
> And now her lap is full of trees."

Without having chosen them with that in mind, I find that these lines are examples, as well, of the primitive terror, the sense of a constant threat in nature, that is almost peculiar to the poetry of Robert Frost. You come across it all through this volume. Here it is again, in Sand Dunes:

> "It is the sea made land
> To come at the fisher town
> And bury in solid sand
> The men it could not drown."

Most poets see nature inconsistently: their view of her varies with her varying aspects. Only a few are unshaken by her coquetries. To make a perhaps arbitrary choice from that few, Sandburg, De la Mare and Frost are adamant. Yet their views of her are widely different. Sandburg sees nature as irresistible, relentless, but without malice; rather a dumb brute. To Robert Frost every bush and tree is alive with malice. Walter de la Mare sees nature through a mist of magic; but it is always a magic worked *through* nature. Nature is not the source of the spell. The source of the spell, we suspect, is Walter de la Mare. He fills us with a delicious terror because we know that there may be goblins behind his trees and hedges. There are no goblins behind Robert Frost's trees and hedges; there is no need for them. The threat comes from the trees and hedges themselves, from nature herself. The terror is not delicious; it is too real to be so lightly enjoyed. We are awfully afraid. A pioneer with Frost's imagination must promptly have gone mad.

There are moments, of course, when Mr. Frost allows himself to sport with nature as if she were a kitten. It is very delightful play, as in The Freedom of the Moon:

> "I've tried the new moon tilted in the air
> Above a hazy tree-and-farmhouse cluster
> As you might try a jewel in your hair.
> I've tried it fine, with little breadth of lustre,
> Alone, or in one ornament combining
> With one first-water star almost as shining.
>
> "I put it shining anywhere I please.
> By walking slowly on some evening later,
> I've pulled it from a crate of crooked trees,
> And brought it over glossy water, greater,
> And dropped it in, and seen the image wallow,
> The color run, all sorts of wonder follow."

But we know that he knows that the creature is likely to bite him any minute.

West-Running Brook apparently contains several pieces that have not found a place in the poet's previous volumes, as we find such annotations as, "Very early," "1901," and so on. Others carry the curious designation: "As of about 1880," "As about 1893," "As of 1914." The "1880" is understandable enough when applied to A Peck of Gold, but does Mr. Frost really mean that when he was five years old he meditated by the ocean in such wise as Once by the Pacific would lead us to understand?

ALINE KILMER.

From the Doctor's Office

Consecratio Medici and Other Papers, by Harvey Cushing. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

PROFESSOR CUSHING has brought together in this publication a series of occasional addresses that will probably give a better idea of the attitude of mind of scholarly physicians toward the problems of life than anything else. When Professor Cushing published his life of Osler in two large volumes, most people, including even the publishers, were inclined to think that it would sell a scant first edition but no more. As a matter of fact it went through a series of editions, was awarded the prize for biography and came to be one of the best sellers among serious books. That should make it plain that when Professor Cushing has something to say, he knows how to say it.

The addresses in this volume include, after the initial one from which the title is taken and which was the commencement address at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, in 1926, addresses on Osler the Man; on Dr. Garth, the Kit Kat Poet; on The Western Reserve and Its Medical Traditions; on The Doctor and His Books, and other interesting subjects. The final one is on Emancipators and is a precious tribute to the two emancipators, Lincoln and Lister.

The spirit of the modern physician, as Dr. Cushing sees it, is expressed in a sentence from Stephen Paget's Confessio Medici: "Surely a diploma obtained by hard examination and hard cash, signed and sealed by earthly examiners, cannot be a summons from heaven, but it may be, for if a doctor's life may not be a divine vocation, then no life is a vocation and nothing is divine." There is an old aphorism which declares that where there are three physicians there are two atheists, but surely that does not apply to our most distinguished physicians,

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and Dr. Cushing has expressed that thought in a good many ways.

Undoubtedly the best of these occasional addresses is that on William Osler, the Man, delivered before the Thursday Evening Club, January 1, 1920, just after Osler's death. Cushing is a Johns Hopkins man who, like all the others, worships at the shrine of Osler, but have we ever had a better subject for worship among our American physicians? Toward the end of it comes that quotation from Hippocrates, the great Greek father of medicine, that the characteristics of the physician must be the love of humanity associated with the love of his craft, philanthropia and philotechnia—the joy of working joined in each one to a true love of his brother. The practice of medicine is sometimes said to encourage pessimism, but not in the mind of a great-souled man. Dr. Cushing is a worthy disciple of Dr. Osler and he is what his master was, a representative of the spirit of the medical profession at its best by which physicians would ask to be judged.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Spengler Stigmatizes

The Decline of the West, by Oswald Spengler. Volume II: Perspectives of World History. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

THE second volume of Spengler's The Decline of the West is really a gigantic collection of scholia upon the first unconnected but elaborate notes which sooner or later touch directly or indirectly upon everything in the universe. Certainly no other living writer has so many ideas as Spengler or such a mass of facts at his disposal—in every field: history, philosophy, literature, all the arts and sciences, politics, jurisprudence, etc., etc. His work is an amazing performance of mental jugglery; he keeps a dozen theories in the air at once, holds a score of countries on his open palm and leaps gaudily back and forth across the centuries. Furthermore, most of his tricks are new and more intellectually stimulating than those of perhaps any other contemporary. Who, for example, before him, would have thought of including among the Problems of Arabian Culture a section entitled Pythagoras, Mohammed, and Cromwell? Yet the collocation is justifiable and even illuminating. If Spengler be a juggler, he is an unsmiling one. There is always meaning in his madness, and it is miching mallecho, it means mischief. The juggler is an ominous Titan bent upon pulling down Olympus. His piling of Pelion on Ossa is no mere pastime; it really is an earth-shaking enterprise.

Why, then, the relative indifference with which Spengler's work has been received in America as compared with other countries? A natural tendency to disparage it, merely because its pessimism is uncongenial to our congenital optimism, has been reënforced by its manifest defects. Spengler's central theory is far from invulnerable, and is one of the least original things in his work. Although he stigmatizes Greek thought as essentially superficial—going even further than the egregious Houston Stuart Chamberlain—his own cyclical interpretation of history is itself a Greek legacy. And as applied by Spengler to cultures, it is presented in a peculiarly unconvincing form. Nations may indeed be not altogether inaptly compared to organisms; they are born, develop, grow old, and sometimes die and entirely disappear. Cultures, on the other hand, do not die; they are transformed. Furthermore, they intercross and fertilize one another. Spengler's attempt to picture western history as the story of successive cultures, each growing from within, thwarted but never assisted by its predecessor, neglects the most obvious feature of history—the continuity of influence. It gets him into various snarls in his otherwise valuable discussion of Arabian (or "Magian") culture, and it forces upon him an obviously untenable view of scholasticism. When all this has been admitted, what more is to be said, and why should one read Spengler?

For many reasons. Spengler's merits are merits of detail; he can neither be accepted nor denied in toto. His work is full of profoundly needed insights and profoundly dangerous blind spots. He is equally valuable as a stimulus and as a warning. First of all, he has emphasized the necessity of a philosophy of history, if history is to be anything more than the bare skeleton of facts usually indecently exhibited in the class room; secondly, he has pointed out, with almost innumerable illustrations, the possibility of viewing all the manifestations of any period—its industry, social customs, political life, science, and art—as products of its cultural spirit; lastly, he has drawn an illuminating, if disquieting, contrast between the inner spirit—culture—and the material form—civilization. The latter, according to Spengler, is merely the shell which culture builds, but it may go on living, or at least existing, long after the culture has died. Such, in his view, is the present unhappy condition of the western world—a condition of spiritual lethargy, of imaginative decay, of fat purses and fat bodies, of physical comfort and mental imbecility—an uncreative age, wherein, at best, only such historical scholarship as his own is possible. Let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the deaths of kings. So be it, if necessary, but let us at least not contradict ourselves; yet Spengler contradicts himself fundamentally. By his own account, his philosophy should be an expression of old age, cautious, timid and accommodating. It is of course just the opposite: bold to the point of rashness, self-confident and swaggering, hymning the youthful qualities of originality and impulse. Priests and philosophers he tends to regard as little men seeking to recover, by the devious ways of reason, their lost union with blind cosmic forces. In the last analysis Spengler is a Bergsonian, devoting his great intellectual talent to an attack on the intelligence; to be honored for his talent, to be answered, wherever possible, in his attack, and from neither viewpoint to be ignored.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Masefield and King Arthur

Midsummer Night and Other Tales in Verse, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

ROMANCE lovers who suffered a certain disappointment in Mr. Masefield's recent version of Tristram and Isolt may be assured of balm for their wounds in this new telling of the old Arthurian stories. The pages, once again returning to the lyric and narrative verse in which their maker excels, are drenched in the magic of ships and the sea, of flowers and the faithful beasts, of intrepid knights and lovely, faulty ladies. There is Chestertonian vigor and simplicity in the tales of Arthur's unending pirate warfare, particularly in the pounding couplets of Badon Hill. And it is doubtful if any contemporary poet except Mr. Chesterton could have equaled the superb sweep of Lancelot's hand-to-hand Fight on the Wall—never faltering through nearly five hundred lines, and ending with that foreboding of defeat in victory which pierces like a trumpet of doom through the farewell to his "red gold queen."

Beside the more familiar loves and wars of Camelot, the

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poet revives the old tale of the crafty Morgause (better known as Morgan the Fay) with the story of Arthur's early sin and its fruit, the "mongrel Modred"—classic justification of his eventual undoing!—and closes with a little group of romances, all worth reading and all more or less loosely linked with the Arthurian saga. More than once Masefield seems to recapture something of the high spirit, the naive candor, the penetrating romance of his incomparable predecessor, Malory. And one wonders why he misses the spiritual poignancy which was both complement and contrast throughout Malory, as throughout the middle-ages which had preceded him in building up the great cycle. One wonders—until one realizes that in this modern version there is no mention at all of the Holy Grail! Once again, Tristram and Isolt, the poet seems unable to decide whether his protagonists are pagan or Christian; which is bad—quite apart from the protagonists!—for the dramatic unity of their story. However the Arthurian legend began, it took on solidity and symbolism when the king became recognized as champion of Christian faith and order against marauding heathen hordes on one side and selfish sensuality on the other.

That the psychological impact of the story really needs the background of mediaeval Catholicity is evident whenever Mr. Masefield suddenly dips into it—as in Guinevere's exquisite story of the Death of Lancelot:

> "I had last seen him as a flag in air,
> A battle banner bidding men outdare.
> Now he lay dead; old, old, with silver hair.
> I had not ever thought of him as old—
> This hurt me most: his sword-hand could not hold
> Even the cross upon the sacking-fold."

Now why should Mr. Masefield not give us a volume celebrating the high lights of Arthurian idealism—the Round Table and the quest of the Holy Grail? The peculiarly wistful quality in much of his best music, together with his love of far-flung adventure by land and sea, would seem to fit him admirably for this rôle of modern mediaevalist. A little less preoccupation with the Anglo-Saxon, a little more with the Norman and Gothic—and the thing were done.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

Stimulating Neutrality

The Tariff: An Interpretation of a Bewildering Problem, by George Crompton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ONLY a few old-timers can remember when the tariff was a burning question in the dining-room at the faculty club. The academicians feel that the clear, plain truth of free trade dogma is self-evident to an open mind. Protection ranks with slavery and free silver as a dead issue, especially since the last election when both parties buried free trade in a stoneless grave. Nevertheless the academic band is beginning to admit the weakness of their stand. The passing of the only non-protection nation, Great Britain, over to the ranks of the enemy has been a great loss to the free traders. Moreover, many of the backward nations have had their industrial ambitions aroused by the spectacle of the United States emerging from rural insignificance to industrial preëminence in the short span of fifty years. And this country has been the outstanding example of high tariff. But now that nearly all our industries are strong enough to withstand foreign competition, our manu-

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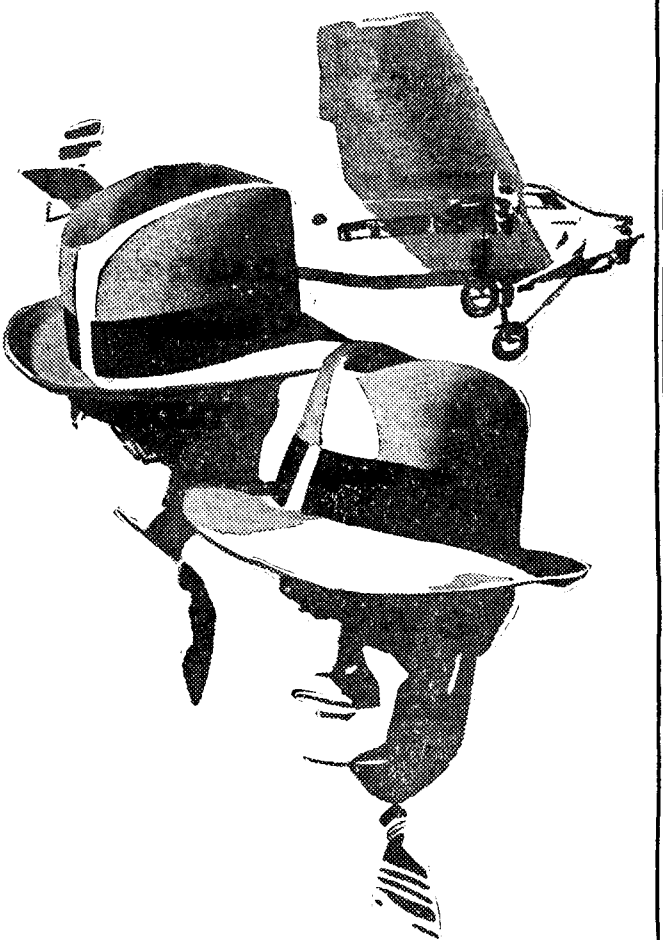

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facturers may be expected to become interested in a downward revision of the tariff in the interest of obtaining similar concessions from abroad. At the same time the investment bankers, directing over a billion dollars of their clients' funds toward foreign placement every year, see the advantages in opening the American market to their foreign borrowers.

In the work under review the author maintains a neutral attitude throughout. The well-known arguments for protection are appraised at their real value. Then the less familiar fallacies of the free trade doctrine are exposed. This and a stimulating outline of the causes of industrial progress are the main contributions of this book.

The flaws in the free trader's position are so little known that the less technical of them are worth noting. The classical economists based their free trade doctrine on a set of assumptions that applied to England at that time, but lacked the general application to all nations at all times that has been attributed to these assumptions. For example, they supposed labor, capital and business ability so alert and mobile that any unusual natural advantage in any country would be detected and developed at the proper time without the protection from foreign competition that is afforded by the tariff.

Free trade leads to an unwholesome overspecialization in a few industries. The instability of a one-crop state or a one-industry town is notorious. The Brazilians are just now recovering from the breakdown of their economic fabric in 1913. Even now their prosperity ebbs and flows with the price of coffee.

The time element was ignored by the anti-protectionists, because their reasoning has regard only for immediate effects.

If the progress of some industry like American shipping is tied up with national ambition, the citizenry may count the cost of protecting that industry little, by comparison with the satisfaction of "seeing Old Glory at the masthead in any port in the world." The free traders had no conception of national pride.

The contention that protection is only a burden to the farmer, in that it raises the cost of product but not the sale price realized by the farmer, can be refuted, not by the usual home-market argument, but by the improvement in agricultural technique fostered in this country by the general industrialization that has been hastened by the tariff. Protection is not as costly as its enemies assert. We have very few important industries that live by a tariff-supported market price.

The contention that the tariff is the mother of trusts has not been borne out by the history of these combinations. They have not turned out to be bloated monopolies, because domestic competition has been quite enough to keep their products priced at cost of production.

The chief attraction of Mr. Crompton's work is the stimulating suggestions scattered through the book. For example, the author points out the relation of Calvinism to thrift and the then new notion of a godly rich man, and how this concept helped to pave the way for the industrial revolution in England. Again, he says that Spain is the only nation that made the mistake of framing economic legislation all in favor of the consumer. Finally he generalizes to the effect that scholastic philosophy promoted scientific investigation by promulgating the doctrine of the existence of absolute truth. The inventions of the eighteenth century would never have matured in the stale atmosphere of casual doubt that stunted the economic development of pagan civilizations.

George McCabe.

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Too Many Grande Passions

Enchanting Danger, by Vera Wheatley. $2.50; John Fresham, K.C., by Sinclair Murray. $2.00. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THESE two English offerings of Dutton's afford examples of an old theme in modern dress; between them they contain five of those loves which are supposed to rise superior to time and the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—one of which almost does. Miss Wheatley's novel contains three of these great attachments and, strangely, it is the best, even though her story pattern is highly artificial.

Rodger Hurst loved Ursula, who in turn loved Rodger's "boon companion," Alan, who, though interested in her let himself be married by Ursula's devoted but scheming friend, Christabel. Years pass and Rodger can neither win Ursula nor leave her. And that is one great love. Ursula, meanwhile, has found herself unable "to put Alan out of her life," and it is at one of their trysts that he is very melodramatically disposed of by a Protestant minister who has been driven insane through love for his wife. Great loves two and three.

Some mathematician has estimated that H. B. Wright's The Re-Creation of Brian Kent contains one chance of probability in 3,456 followed by thirty-two ciphers; John Fresham, K.C., contains less, for even a child's prattle is, invariably, a timely comment on his parents' misunderstanding. John, who has been happily married for ten years, again meets the, for him, one woman in the world, the woman who had deserted him before. The reader is told that nothing matters against his love for her, but for some not understood reason they decide on a second renunciation just at the minute John's son has been hurt. And so John is free to fly to his son and realize that, after all, his real love is for his wife. The child recovers, and John's charmer wires she has married John's friend who has been waiting for her for twelve years. It's that sort of book; and if anything is worse than an inferior repetition of the Tristram story, it is the great love which, at the last, is found out to be something else altogether.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

Mr. Van Loon's Way

The Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant, by Hendrik Van Loon. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $4.00.

MR. VAN LOON has rattled off another work of "non-fiction." It contains a great deal of amusing information about the Dutch republic in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, about the expansion of Europe and about the early history of that highly insignificant spot, Nieuw Amsterdam. It contains relatively little information about Pieter Stuyvesant. One scarcely knows what to say of a book like this. It is entertaining; it is written in sprightly English, yet it surely cannot be judged by historical standards. Nor is it pour les jeunes filles, not because of anything improper (in the usual sense) but simply because the most outrageously unjust generalizations are made in a setting of fairly good historical method. Perhaps these generalizations are intended to be humorous; one must suggest that they should have been so labeled. Here is a sample:

"The Roman branch of the universal Church had gradually destroyed all rival creeds, and her law was the law of all the lands that stretched from the Vistula to the Thames and from the North Cape to Palermo. The founding fathers of the new creed in their insensate hatred of all manifestations of

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sex had laid down the rule that the flesh of quadrupeds was of less nutritious value to good Christians than that of the humbler fishes (who were supposed to be less carnally inclined than their mammalian rivals) and that therefore the menu of fast-days and holydays should be devoid of pork and beef and mutton and veal."

It is rather futile to make any comment on such a statement. It is equally futile to say any more about the book. If one likes Mr. Van Loon, one will like his latest.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Toward Peaceful Expansion

Conquest, by John Carter. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. CARTER describes his book as designed to show "that our economic expansion and industrial prosperity can be divorced from political expansion and economic imperialism, and that we may have developed institutions capable of promoting the peace of the world. . . ." It is addressed to three groups: "that section of the American public which believes that the United States lacks a constructive policy and that it is usually wrong in any controversy with a foreign power; those foreigners who . . . suspect . . . a course of imperialism; and those American officials who have been prevented from winning a hearing for our national policies by public apathy toward our political traditions."

The handicap of capable officials and the public apathy toward our political traditions arise from the same fact—that to a very large proportion of American students American history is as foreign as Egyptology. The meaning of the words which have been chosen to express the phenomena concerned are not analyzed, but merely accepted in current usage. An illustration might be drawn from the Kellogg treaties: "the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy." Why, in this day and generation, should it be necessary to agree to renounce war as an instrument to further the good of the people? Obviously such a practice does exist. Mr. Carter attempts to trace the origins of these things. His thesis might be stated in the single line: "Unless our power is mutual, it is doomed to go the way of Carthage, Rome and Spain." He does not propose to scrap our armaments. He looks upon the Kellogg treaties as "one of the shrewdest pieces of national selfishness which any nation has yet advocated"; since, "if they succeed," they will have devised "a way to eat our cake and have it too, in respect to war." In order to be consistent and successful, "we should give the world so large a stake in the maintenance of American prosperity as to make our downfall as calamitous to our foes as to our friends."

"We should strive . . . to render our commercial expansion harmless to the political rights of others, and . . . to persuade other nations to render their political institutions harmless to our legitimate interests. American expansion should produce, not an American empire, but the economic confederation of mankind." It sounds very like the principles of domestic and foreign policy attributed to Mr. Hoover by some of those who have known him longest. Even the remark of a diplomatic wag that, "after March 4 the steps of the State Department will be flowing with blood and spats," means nothing more than that our problem of economic expansion is recognized, and that the machinery of government, including diplomacy, must be brought into harmony with that great problem which Mr. Carter's book presents and discusses.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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Briefer Mention

White Peaks and Green, by Ethel Romig Fuller. New York: Willett, Clark and Colby. $2.00.

ONE prefers, in Miss Fuller's book, the clean-cut simplicity of some of the formal lyrics to the looseness of rhythmic structure and the not always fresh or exact imagery of the pieces used to open the collection. Miss Fuller's essentially feminine point of view is given more distinguished utterance in the compactness of such a piece as If I Listen Long and Long, than in such things as Concerning the Speech of Mountains, for instance, which betrays a certain lack of command of the essential requirements of that form of composition one is still forced to call "free verse." By this one does not mean that a pleasing exactness of phrase, a skilful turn of metre is absent from Miss Fuller's work: it is only that these qualities are more often present when a definite metrical pattern has been supplied. Of her ability to arrest attention and please sensibilities with content, she need feel no shame. Insistence on personal skill in inventing rhythmic schemes often seems presumptuous to one who is writing, in the face of the supply of ready patterns at hand.

The Compendium Universitatis Parisiensis; translated from the Latin of Robert Goulet by Robert Belle Burke. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.50.

ROBERT GOULET, a "Master of the Sacred Page" who enjoyed the esteem of his academic contemporaries (if we may judge from their letters to him) published a brief description of the University of Paris in 1517. This lovable document Mr. Burke, well-known for his fine version of Roger Bacon's Opus Majus, has now made available to English readers. The author outlines the organization of the University, explaining the duties of the officers, the nature of the academic procedure, and the privileges enjoyed by the institution. He then adds a series of remarks on how a university should be conducted, going into considerable detail. "It is of the greatest service," he says, "that youths be admonished on certain matters however insignificant they may seem, as namely to comb their hair, to clean their shoes and clothes, always to wear a girdle or belt around their garment." The book, which is published in a limited edition of attractive appearance, should interest many educators.

A Dinner of Herbs, by Marjorie Bartholomew Paradis. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

THIS is another of the ubiquitous novels dealing with love, sex and companionate marriage. Daphne Churchill wants to be a lawyer, and if a suitable marriage with reasonable expectations of happiness presents itself, she will marry. So this young pseudo Portia falls in love with the gay Jerry Vreeland and, disillusioned with marriage because of a philandering father, she induces Jerry to try the companionate arrangement with her. Miss Paradis tells a swiftly moving and readable story, but she does not state clearly whether the tragedies that follow are due to the trial marriage or not. She makes no apparent plea for the institution of marriage, though she convinces us that Daphne tried the companionate arrangement to keep Jerry's love—not to free her own love from discipline. There is a great deal of foolish conversation between the lovers which might have been omitted without destroying the sequence of the story.

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Essays and Studies, by members of the English Association: Volume XIII; collected by Caroline Spurgeon. New York: The Oxford University Press.

FOR years the slender annual volume of essays contributed by members of the English Association has delighted all those readers who possess a genuine enjoyment of literature. The present collection ends with what may be termed a dessert, so agreeable is the discussion of England's Language Conditions by Lord Dunsany. It is one of the wisest papers ever written about the state of modern speech, and deserves the particular attention of journalists. Among the other papers are many of great interest. The mediaevally minded will enjoy Miss Waddell's study of John of Salisbury and Professor John M. Manly's remarks on Sir Thopas, both of which can be read without the help of a glossary and an encyclopedia. Professor Legouis contributes a shrewd commentary on recent Shakespeare criticism, and Mr. H. J. C. Grierson collates Sir Walter and Carlyle.

Deburau, by Jules Janin; translated by Winifred Katzin. New York: Robert M. McBride Company. $1.50.

THIS joyous biography of the great Pierrot of the Four Sous Theatre has waited almost a hundred years for an English translator. Proof of its quality is found in the fact that it has lost nothing of vitality in all that time. Even M. Janin's brave flourishes at the art of the famous theatres and the decadence of the drama in his day seem as fresh and amusing as they must have to the contemporary reader.

Great Short Biographies of the World; edited by Barrett H. Clark. New York: Robert M. McBride Company. $5.00.

HERE is a book for that hypothetical castaway on a desert island. It brings together all that one cares to know about fifty great characters; it reflects admirably the various developments of the art of biography, and the old proverb about brevity is the guarantee of its spirit and wit. And its price, at a time when the most meagre novel, regardless of quality, sells for $2.00, makes it one of the best bargains of the year.

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